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POEMS

BY

FREDERICK MARSHALL.

MEDITATIONS

OF

THE HEART.

ALMIGHTY Father, graciously accept
This earnest tribute of my heart and tongue,
Sincerely (though it may be feebly) sung:
It needeth not the words of an adept,
To speak the thoughts which by my tears were wept,
As from the heart in anguish they were wrung;
Nor those which as from harp well tuned and strung,
In glad vibrations through my soul have crept.
This now I offer (all thine own) to thee:
The offering of a humbled, grateful heart.
Behold! it on the altar waiting lies,
In hope that it acceptable may be:
Now unto it the living fire impart,
That it as smoking incense may arise.

F. M.

MEDITATIONS OF THE HEART.

POEMS

BY

FREDERICK MARSHALL.

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."—PSALM xix. 14.

OXFORD:
J. C. PEMBREY, 164, WALTON STREET.
F. MARSHALL, CLIFTON, BIGGLESWADE, BEDS.
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MEDITATIONS

OF

THE HEART.

PAGE

THE UNCHANGING FRIEND 29
BLESSED FAITH 30
SUNSHINE AND SHADE 31
TRUST IN CHRIST ALONE 32
HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE 33
WELCOME TO JESUS 35
HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH . . 36
THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME . . 37
COME TO JESUS 38
THE WAYFARING MAN SHALL NOT ERR . 40
ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD 41

III. THE TRUSTING HEART.

BE PATIENT BRETHREN 44
ALL IS NOT ENDED YET 47
GOD IS ABLE 49
THE BIBLE CHART 51
LEAVE TO-MORROW 52
LIGHT IN THE CLOUD 54
UNDER HIS EYE 56
I AM WITH THEE 57
THY WAY IS IN THE SEA 59
THE GOD OF ISRAEL 61
PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN . . 62
GOD'S CARE 63
THE SWEETENED CUP 64
LOOK UNTO ME 65
THE UNCHANGING GOD 66

IV. THE PRAISE OF THE HEART.

	PAGE
THE CREATOR PRAISED	68
WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN YE LOVE	71
PRAISE TO JESUS	72
REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY	73
PRAISE TO THE TRINITY	74
FRIEND AND BROTHER	75
SAINTS AND ANGELS PRAISE HIM	76
I WILL PRAISE THEE	77
BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS	78
THE DAY OF REST	80
O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD	81
SON OF GOD AND SON OF MAN	83
THE DAY IS AT HAND	84
THE HEAVENLY PROSPECT	86
HIS WORKMANSHIP	87

V. THE HUMBLED HEART.

NEITHER MURMUR YE	90
THY WILL BE DONE	91
SURPRISING MERCY	92
HEAR YE THE ROD	93
FATHERLY CORRECTION	94
THE CUP OF LIFE	95
BLESSED IS HE WHOSOEVER IS NOT OFFENDED IN ME	97
FRUIT OF AFFLICTION	98
THE CHASTENED CHILD	99

PAGE

HUMBLED BEFORE GOD 100
RESIGNATION 101

VI. DESIRES OF THE HEART.

SOUL LONGINGS 104
DOVE-LIKE SPIRIT 105
DYING GRACE DESIRED 106
WILLING TO DIE OR LIVE 107
WORLD OF DANGERS 108
FAITH'S PROSPECT 109
WEARY PILGRIM 111
GOD'S FAVOUR ENTREATED 112
BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS . . . 114
DESIRING TO BE LIKE JESUS . . . 115
INVOCATION 116

VII. THE TROUBLED HEART.

FIERY TRIALS 122
THE ENEMY DEATH 124
THIS IS NOT YOUR REST 128
GREATLY AFFLICTED 129
MAN'S BRIEF LIFE 132
THE MOWER DEATH 134
THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED . . 136
THE FLESH IS WEAK 139
HOPE, AN ANCHOR 140
THE USE OF TROUBLE 142

VIII. SEARCHINGS OF HEART.

PAGE

TO THE SOUL 144
A PENITENT'S CRY 145
PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD . . . 146
FLESH AND SPIRIT 147
THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED YEAR . . 148
CONFESSION 149
LOST PEACE LAMENTED 150
THE WANDERING HEART 151
LOVEST THOU ME? 152
CAN IT BE? 153
THE OLD AND NEW HEART 154
THE DEPARTING AND COMING YEAR . . 156
ETERNITY 157
DESIRING TO BE RIGHT 158
THE LACK OF BROTHERLY LOVE . . . 159
SELF-EXAMINATION 160

IX. PRAYER OF THE HEART.

LET US PRAY 162
CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE OF GOD . 164
MERCY, SPARE 165
FOR A CHRIST-LIKE SPIRIT 166
FORSAKE ME NOT 167
THE PRAYER OF NEED 168
DIVINE GUIDANCE 169
THE DIVINE PRESENCE SOUGHT . . . 170
CHANGED 171

PAGE

SECRET PRAYER 172
HEART DEVOTION 173
THE HEAVENLY RACE 174
TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL . . . 175
THE HALLOWED NAME 176
THE LORD'S PRAYER 177
DELIVER MY SOUL 178
ABSENT ONES 180
THE TIME FOR PRAYER 182
A HYMN BEFORE SERMON 183
THE DEATH OF A MINISTER 184

X. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE COMPLETION OF MY SIXTIETH YEAR 185
THE VANITY OF FAME 186
THE STREAM OF LIFE 187
PREMATURE BLOSSOM 188
PLEASURE IN SOLITUDE 189
BEAUTY FADES 190

INDEX 191

PEACE OF HEART.

"The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

PHILIPPIANS iv. 7.

PEACE LIKE A RIVER.

SWEET the peace through Jesus flowing
In my bosom day by day;
O the blessedness of knowing,
All my sins are put away!
Put away? Ah, yes, for ever,
As if buried in the sea;
Put away so that they never
Will by God remembered be.

Secret peace my bosom filling,
(O may nought that peace disturb!)
Like unto the dew distilling,
Gently on the tender herb;
Peace, which passeth understanding,
As a streamlet in my soul
To a river now expanding,
Shall to God the ocean roll.

Favour from the skies descending,
Dropping peace like gentle rain,
Shall as vapours, reascending,
Rise in praise to God again;
Thus to God the source returning
As the rivers to the sea,
What thou givest (I am learning),
Gracious God, leads up to thee.

PEACE THROUGH JESUS.

PEACE we have with God through Jesus,
As a gentle stream it flows;
From the dread of wrath it frees us,
Gives our spirits sweet repose.
Happy we, who, Jesus knowing,
Prove his love, delightful stream,
Like a gentle river flowing—
Not a fable, nor a dream.

O the love of God in sending
Down to us his holy Son;
Peace to rebel-man extending,
Through that spotless, holy One!
O the love of Christ in coming
All our debt of guilt to pay;
All that debt correctly summing,
Clearing every mite away!

Happy we, who, by believing
Jesus Christ with all the heart,
Know the blessing of receiving
Peace he only can impart:
Peace and sweetly felt communion,
With the ever-blessèd Three;
Yielding hope of endless union
With the glorious Deity.

CALM IN THE STORM.

AMIDST the troubled sea of life,
A calm pervades my breast;
Amid the angry waves of strife,
All peacefully I rest.

Good heavenly Father, thou art here,
Though mortals see thee not;
A very present help, so near,
Upon the very spot.

What need I fear with aid Divine
So very nigh at hand?
Upheld by thee, this soul of mine
Upon the waves can stand.

Though fierce the raging storm, I think,
I trust, yea, I do know,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink,
Beneath the waves of woe.

My soul walks calmly on the wave,
My fears are all dispelled;
For since I know that thou wilt save,
My unbelief is quelled.

Sweet is the peace which fills my breast,
My Father is my guide,
And on his faithfulness I rest
As through life's storm I ride.

READY TO DEPART.

Now ready to depart,
For God has wrought the change;
The preparation of the heart,
The new-born nature strange.

Now Christ within my breast,
The hope of glory gives;
Th' assurance of eternal rest
Within my bosom lives.

Made ready to depart,
O Lord thy will be done;
When death shall aim the mortal dart,
I shelter in thy Son.

Trusting that refuge, I
Thy will awaiting stand;
By whatsoever death to die,
Thy wisdom may command.

Now ready to depart,
And ever dwell with thee;
O thou who my salvation art,
Let me thy glory see!

Angels I long to meet,
God's Son I long to see,
Spirits *redeemed* I long to greet,
And numbered with them be.

SECRET OF THE LORD.

SACRED secret, sweet to know,
Still revealing here below;
Secret of the God of love,
Still to be revealed above.

Secret faith to cheer my breast,
Pointing to eternal rest;
Evidence of things not seen,
Brightening the present scene.

Secret peace, the Saviour through,
Dropping on my soul as dew;
Peace which as a river flows,
Soothing, softening all my woes.

Secret light by which I see,
How harmoniously agree
Things adverse, by nature viewed,
Working always for my good.

Secret life by which I feel,
True religion something real;
Kindling in me pure desire,
Glowing into hallowed fire.

Secret hope to hold my heart,
Ever doing well its part;
As an anchor to the soul,
When the breakers near me roll.

Secret principle of love,
Drawing me to things above.
What a privilege to know
God's sweet secret here below!

TIME AND CHANGE.

TIME on wings of lightning flying,
Brings continual changes here:
Mortals born and mortals dying,
O how fleeting things appear!

Health is as the wind, oft shifting
North to south, then round again;
Now on gentle tide slow drifting,
Tossed anon upon the main.

Life too seemeth just as fickle
As the sporting clouds at noon:
Death full often with his sickle
Sweeps away the fairest bloom.

Happy he who views these changes
Emanating in the will
Of the Almighty, who arranges
All, some purpose to fulfil.

Happy he who trusts his Maker
With his soul and body here,
He is often the partaker
Of that love which casts out fear.

He midst outward storms is steady,
On the Lord he casts his care,
And when death shall call is ready,
Proof by faith against despair.

WHO ARE RICH.

RICHER than the miser far,
Poor on earth though they may be,
They, O Lord, the richest are,
Who can live by faith on thee.

Such possess a secret peace
Earthly substance cannot buy;
Peace so strange, it may increase
When their earthly comforts die.

Thy rich word of promise tells,
(That sweet word enrapt I read,)
"In the Lord a fulness dwells
To supply my every need."

Grace on grace they thence receive,
Yet there is a fulness still;
All the needy to relieve,
Freely, whosoever will.

Grace to cleanse and purify,
  Grace to put away all sin;
Grace the soul to justify,
  Giving perfect peace within.

Lord, my all with thee I trust,
  But in heaven for me conceal
Treasure which can never rust,
  Where no thief can ever steal.

EARTHLY PEACE.

PEACE! where is it, where may I
Hope to find it 'neath the sky?
On what smooth, enchanted ground
May the treasure sought be found?
Poverty embitters life,
Riches often dwell with strife:
All our time is vainly spent,
Seeking peace without content;
This possessing, man may be
Happy in his poverty:
Lacking this, nought wealth can buy,
Can the vacuum supply:
Peace we may, and truly, find
In *contentedness* of mind.

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

BETTER country, far away,
Which by faith is seen;
Land of everlasting day,
Blissful and serene.

Peaceful, happy, tranquil home,
Where the once opprest,
Left on earth no more to roam,
Enter into rest.

Better land, where sin no more
Can afflict the soul;
On whose peace-environed shore
Waves of strife ne'er roll.

Land where sorrow cannot dwell,
Where no tears are shed;
Neither of the powers of hell
Is there any dread.

Better country, scripture saith,
Where shall be no pain;
Where the frightful monster death
Shall no longer reign.

Where no darkness shall be known,
Where is no more night;
Where on his eternal throne,
God shall be its light.

DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

DEATH was a terror once to me,
When I my interest could not see,
In Jesus' rising power;
But when a smile from his dear face,
Confirmed my hope through richest grace,
I could have died that hour.

Now as the Saviour whispers peace,
Hushes my fears, and bids them cease,
Relieving me of pain;
I meditate on death, and sing,
"Dread monster, thou hast lost thy sting,
For me to die is gain."

O Jesus, may my faith recline
Upon thy word and work divine,
When stricken down by death;
Then sweet will be my soul's repose,
As on the world my eyes I close,
And peaceful, yield my breath.

THE PRESENCE OF ANGELS.

DELIGHTFUL, peaceful, calm retreat,
Secluded, sweetly welcome shade!
Made as if for an angel's seat,
Who to this world a visit paid.

In such a spot it may have been,
Beneath a huge umbrageous oak,
The angel of the Lord was seen,
And to the meek, brave Gideon spoke.

O that some flaming son of light
From heaven's high court might now descend,
That in this solitude I might
Commune with him as with a friend!

But soul of mine, believe thou dost
Some heavenly spirit may be here;
Ah, may be, yes, and is I trust,
Which to my eyes does not appear.

Here seated on this mossy green,
Some seraph may sit by my side;
And to and fro, by me unseen,
The bright intelligence may glide.

From such an agency may spring
The peaceful thoughts within my breast;
From heaven the shining one may bring
*The sense my spi*rit has of rest.

My mind with thoughts of heaven imbued,
At peace with God I here could lie,
And in this lovely solitude,
Breathe softly my expiring sigh.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

AROUND the sun
The earth has run
Again his swift career;
And from this life
Of bitter strife,
Has swept another year.

How swiftly fly
The moments by;
As eagles watch their prey,
So watches death
To seize our breath,
And hurry us away.

But why should we
Desire to see
Time lengthen out his stay?
O why repine
The flight of time,
Why wish its hours delay?

Though fairest flowers,
Which deck the bowers,
Soon fade away and die;
And though we must
Return to dust,
Yet wherefore should we sigh?

Here grief and woe,
Man's lot below,
Disturb our peace of mind;
Then why, O why
So loath to fly,
And leave our cares behind?

No more bewail
But rather hail
Each day which brings us nigh;
The state of love,
The home above,
The mansion in the sky.

Then dry the tear,
And hush the fear;
Each sigh, each sorrow cease;
Since when we die
Our souls shall fly
To dwell in perfect peace.

PAST JOY REMEMBERED.

O THE peace, and O the calm,
  O the tranquil sweet repose,
Once which as a soothing balm,
  Healed my soul of all its woes!

When I laid me down to rest,
  Peacefully my soul reclined,
As a child upon the breast,
  In its mother's arms entwined.

O the stream of sacred peace,
  Then which in my bosom flowed!
Ah! I thought it would not cease
  Flowing all throughout my road.

Softened was my frame and mild,
  Humbled at the Saviour's feet,
Like a gentle, little child:
  O the pleasure passing sweet!

Full of charms, the Saviour's name
  Kindled in my soul such fire,
Spreading with such fervent flame,
  That my heart was all desire.

All desire to fly away,
  To the regions of the blest;
Eager for the blissful day,
  To commence eternal rest.

All-impatient to depart,
  And the unveiled glory see
Of the Sovereign of my heart—
  Of the Lord who died for me.

How in hope did I rejoice,
  Listening to hear him say,
With inviting, welcome voice,
  "Rise my love and come away."

Death for me had lost his sting,
  And the dark and dreaded tomb,
While my faith was on its wing,
  Was bereft of all its gloom.

Gladdened by the glorious light
  Of the Sun of Righteousness,
All my fears were put to flight,
  All the clouds of gloominess.

Years have come, and gone away,
  Much from memory to efface;
But the glories of that day,
  What can from my mind erase?

O the peace, and O the calm,
  O the tranquil sweet repose,
Then which did, as healing balm,
  Ease my soul of all its woes!

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

If an angel standeth by me
Watch to keep;
Guarding me from dangers nigh me
While I sleep:
O how blest!

If an angel come to screen me
Unaware;
Stepping, unperceived, between me
And a snare:
O how blest!

If an angel bending o'er me
Comfort speak;
Breathing spirit to restore me
When I'm weak:
O how blest!

If an angel when I'm lying
Sinking fast,
Whisper peace to me while dying,
To the last:
O how blest!

If an angel, son of morning,
Turn to light;
Turn to brightest, heavenly dawning,
Death's dark night:
O how blest!

If an angel for me tarry
Till death's day;
My unburdened soul to carry
High away:
O how blest!

If an angel gently bear me
To that place,
Jesus Christ went to prepare me,
By his grace:
O how blest!

BELIEF OF THE HEART.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." ROMANS x. 10.

CONSIDER HIM.

O BELIEVER, dost thou fret,
That thy sorrows end not yet?
Think of what the Saviour met:
Think of Him.

Hast thou scant supply of bread?
Christ the Lord of quick and dead,
Had not where to lay his head:
Think of Him.

Seemest thou alone to be?
Hear the voice from Calvary,
"Why hast thou forsaken me?"
Think of Him.

Dost thou 'neath thy burden sink?
Of the suffering Saviour think.
O the cup he had to drink!
Think of Him.

Dost thou murmur at thy lot?
Think of Him who murmured not;
Be thy woes in his forgot:
Think of Him.

Art thou tempted? art thou tried?
Think of Him who groaned and sighed;
Man of sorrows till he died:
Think of Him.

Think of Him whom sorrow crushed,
Him on whom his murderers rushed;
Till each murmuring thought be hushed,
Think of Him.

Think of Him till all your care,
While with his your griefs compare,
Vanish into thinnest air,
Think of Him.

O believer, think of Him,
Till your eyes with tears shall swim,
Till your heart with love shall brim,
Think of Him.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

DARK as is midnight without thee,
O Saviour, be my light;
Shewing the path of life to me,
By thy clear shinings bright.

Weak in myself, a bruised reed,
O Jesus be my strength;
That I by thee made strong indeed,
May overcome at length.

Hungry and thirsty see I faint:
O Christ the living bread,
And living water of each saint,
I would by thee be fed.

In spirit poor, O richest Lord,
My every need supply;
For in thee is a fulness stored,
For even such as I.

A weak, unworthy, helpless one,
O Saviour be my Friend;
For I without thee am undone,
And on thee I depend.

THE SAME JESUS.

WHY, O my heart, so sad?
Why so cast down my soul?
Was ever case so bad,
But Jesus could make whole?
The good Physician is the same
As when to earth at first he came.

Full many souls have proved
The precious Saviour's worth;
His pity still is moved
To wounded ones on earth:
The good Samaritan's the same
As when to earth at first he came.

Though it may be thy lot,
A lonesome path to wend,
By earthly ones forgot,
Thou hast a heavenly Friend:
The Friend of sinners is the same
As when to earth at first he came.

However tempest-tossed
Upon affliction's sea,
Thou never canst be lost
If Christ thy refuge be:
The Saviour is the very same
As when to earth at first he came.

The same Lord over all,
The Lord of life above,
Still rich to all who call
For mercy, grace, and love:
The Lord of glory is the same
As when to earth at first he came.

Whom did he e'er neglect?
Whom did he e'er cast out?
What needy one neglect?
Then why his goodness doubt?
His sweet compassion is the same
As when to earth at first he came.

Never did he deny
His mercy to the worst
Who came to him: then why
Am I to be the first
To perish trusting in his name?
O no! he Jesus is, the same.

Though mountains should decay,
Though waters all should fail,
Though earth should pass away,
His word should still prevail:
The sacred word doth him proclaim,
Past, present, future still the same.

THE SERVANT AS HIS LORD.

JESUS was a man of grief,
  Pained in soul and body too;
This shall give my heart relief,
  Him my suffering Lord to view:
    This shall my sweet comfort be
    When afflicted, so was He.

When I feel the tempter's power
  Let me think that never one
Has escaped temptation's hour;
  No! not even God's dear Son:
    This may well encourage me,
    Am I tempted? so was He.

If the sons of wealth despise,
  If they treat me with contempt;
They the Saviour did not prize,
  He was not from scorn exempt:
    Though my destined lot may be
    Poor in this world, so was He.

Why should I begin to faint,
  When I have to suffer wrong?
In like manner every saint
  Suffered; and Christ suffered long:
    This shall still my comfort be,
    Am I hated? so was He.

Should the false accuser's tongue
  Chase me even to the grave;
I would think of him who hung
  On the cross his foes to save;
    And would bear all-patiently,
    Persecution as did He.

O that to my journey's end,
  Whatsoever be my lot;
I may of the sinner's Friend
  Learn to bear, and threaten not!
    Learn to meek and lowly be,
    Ever patient, as was He.

O for grace to take the cup
  From my heavenly Father's hand;
And my cross to take it up
  By the Saviour's just command!
    He took cup and cross for me,
    I would as my Master be.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

LOST and ruined and undone,
I a needy sinner am;
Hope of mercy I have none,
Only through the slaughtered Lamb:
Lord, my hope is all in thee,
Thou art All in All to me.

I have sinned against God's law,
But that law thou hast fulfilled;
Hence my soul can comfort draw,
Man to ransom, thou wast killed:
Thou the safe, the only plea,
Thou art All in All to me.

Though the Majesty Divine,
Be as a consuming fire;
Through thy name a soul like mine
To his favour may aspire;
I may God approach through thee,
Thou art All in All to me.

Son of God, whose blood alone,
All my sin can wash away;
Own me, as a saved one, own,
At the solemn judgment day;
Through thy blood is hope, I see,
Thou art All in All to me.

Man though full of sinfulness,
Thou canst fully justify;
He who trusts thy righteousness
Thou hast said shall never die;
Thou my righteousness shalt be,
Thou art All in All to me.

While I live on earth may I
Lean upon thy loving breast;
And whenever called to die,
Sink within thy arms to rest.
Be in life and death, still be,
Saviour, All in All to me.

When at the dread trumpet's sound,
When at the last solemn day,
Millions shall thy throne around
Stand, in terrible array;
At that awful moment be,
Jesus, All in All to me.

THE UNCHANGING FRIEND.

O WHAT would this world be without thee,
My God? what a comfortless spot.
The dearest of creatures about me,
To lean upon what are they—what?

Too oft like a thorn or a thistle,
That which was a rose in our view,
With sharp-pointed speeches will bristle,
Affection to pierce through and through.

O Christ, in thy name what a tower,
For strength and for safety we find!
When wrongs like a pitiless shower,
Affect us in heart and in mind.

Thou Friend of the otherwise friendless,
When sadly and sorely opprest,
Upon thy love changeless and endless,
Deserted by man we may rest.

Then what need we covet beside thee
On earth, or in heaven above,
Since nought from thy church shall divide thee,
Nor aught shall extinguish thy love!

BLESSED FAITH.

If I believe my Father's eye
  Keeps watch upon me night and day,
Then am I safe 'midst dangers nigh,
  For all things must his will obey.

If I believe my Father's ear
  Is ever open to my prayer,
Why should I harbour groundless fear?
  Why should I yield to needless care?

If I believe my Father's hand
  Is underneath me to uphold,
I know, though feeble, I shall stand,
  And thus in weakness I am bold.

If I believe my Father's love
  Will surely all my needs supply,
My needs on earth, my needs above,
  Contented I may live and die.

O heavenly Father, day by day,
  May I continued grace receive;
To come to thee through Christ the way,
  And by the Holy Ghost believe!

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

How sad and dejected I feel,
When distant, dear Jesus, from thee;
When clouds all thy glories conceal,
And hide thy bright beamings from me.

All cheerless and cold is the night,
The darkness encourages fears
Till Jesus, my life and my light,
Bright Sun of my soul reappears.

But soon as I feel the warm rays,
His comforting smilings impart,
I walk with delight in his ways,
For they are the choice of my heart.

Then blooming and fruitful again,
The graces within me all thrive;
As after soft showers of rain,
The trees and the grasses revive.

No pleasures which earth can afford,
No comforts, no joys it can give,
Can ever compare with my Lord,
When in his bright shinings I live.

O moments of pleasure divine,
O happiest, brightest of days,
When to this rapt spirit of mine,
The Saviour his glory displays!

TRUST IN CHRIST ALONE.

O THOU in whom is all my trust,
The sinner's only Friend;
Saviour on thee I will, I must
For holiness depend!

I have no righteousness my own,
I trust for that in thee;
For thine, Redeemer, thine alone
Sufficient is for me.

Mere moral rectitude may please
The proud, unhumbled man;
But penitents can find no ease
Where the self-righteous can.

Mine is a heart by far too bad,
Of righteousness to boast;
And what I once supposed I had,
Was vanity at most.

Dear Jesus, to thy loving heart
For all I need I fly;
For if in thee I have no part,
I must for ever die.

HOPE OF ETERNAL LIFE.

If man had only hope in life,
How terrible were death!
How horrible that cruel knife,
Fond ties which severeth!

O to look forward to the grave,
Death's dismal, dark abode,
Without a hope beyond that cave
Which ends life's dreary road!

Were hope thus buried in the tomb,
If faith no peace could give,
How soul-depressing were the gloom
In which we all must live.

Ye who deny th' immortal part,
Deny man's future state;
Why seek to steal that from the heart
Which comfort can create?

O cruel, fearful, maddening thought
To rack the tortured brain;
Could doctrine bitterer be taught
To fill the soul with pain?

But even in the savage mind
  Exists the firm belief,
That troubled spirits yet shall find
  In future life relief.

And hope within the Christian's breast
  Sustains him day by day;
While faith points to eternal rest,
  And Christ thereto the way.

Good God, increase this faith in me,
  Whatever thou withhold;
Without such hope I would not be
  For richest mines of gold.

WELCOME TO JESUS.

COME to the Saviour, ye who see
And feel yourselves to be undone;
The invitation is to thee,
For Jesus Christ will cast out none.

Thousands have proved the promise true,
Who many evil deeds had done;
And still, though sinners, he to you
Declares that he will cast out none.

Yes! to the weary and the sad;
Yes! to the sin-beladen one;
Christ says to all, however bad,
Who come to him I'll cast out none.

Answer, if Jesus when on earth
Was ever known to banish one,
However destitute of worth?
And still he says I'll cast out none.

Come unto him and ye shall find,
As all who have his favour won,
Him all-compassionate and kind;
So kind that he will cast out none.

His love, his faithfulness, his grace,
His precious promises, each one,
And the sweet smile upon his face
Speak loudly, he will cast out none.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

Ho! ye thirsty, every one,
  Hear the Saviour call.
Living waters freely run,
  Free to each and all;
To the poorest and the worst
  In their own esteem,
All who for salvation thirst,
  Drink ye of this stream.

Wherefore labour so to gain
  That which is not bread?
Come, the Bread of life obtain,
  Come, and be ye fed:
Hearken to his gracious voice,
  Eat ye that, that's good;
Make not worthless things your choice,
  Here is living food.

Dost thou for a moment think,
  God's most holy Son
Would invite thee here to drink,
  And then give thee none?
That, poor sinner, cannot be,
  He will freely give;
"*Come,*" saith Jesus, "unto me,
Hear, and ye shall live."

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

SINFUL, my Saviour, though I am,
I cannot thee forget;
Thou precious, sacrificial Lamb;
Not yet, O no, not yet.

Thy suffering, thy agony,
Producing bloody sweat;
Thy groaning in Gethsemane,
Can I forget? Not yet.

The scene upon mount Calvary's top,
When to defray man's debt,
Thy precious blood fell drop by drop,
Can I, can I forget?

How fearful was the load, when all
Our sins upon thee met;
The cup of vinegar and gall,
I never would forget.

The deep, the agonizing cry,
Thy sacred lips outlet;
My Father, why forsake me, why?
O let me not forget!

O Jesus, thy vicarious death
My hope, my peace beget;
Until I yield my dying breath,
I would not thee forget.

COME TO JESUS.

FELLOW-SINNER, come to Jesus,
Come.
He of all our pains will ease us,
Come.
Though your sins be great and many,
Come.
He will never cast out any,
Come.
Though your sins may challenge counting,
Come.
For your cleansing to his fountain
Come.
He is far too kind to hurt you,
Come.
Out of him there goeth virtue,
Come.
Virtue for your soul when sickly,
Come.
Virtue which can heal you quickly,
Come.
He dispenses living water,
Come.
To each thirsting son and daughter,
Come.

Living bread he gives to nourish,
Come.
Bread which makes the spirit flourish,
Come.
He has righteousness for clothing,
Come.
All your own self-goodness loathing,
Come.
All you need to make you holy,
Come.
In the Saviour seeking solely,
Come.
He is rich, to him for treasure
Come.
He has charms, to him for pleasure
Come.
Come and taste the gospel honey,
Come.
Freely given, without money,
Come.
Come and sing the sacred story,
Come.
Christ on earth and Christ in glory,
Come.

THE WAYFARING MAN SHALL NOT ERR.

I SHALL not err, if thou my heavenly light
But guide me, though my road be dark as night,
For thou canst make my weary, darksome way,
By thy bright shinings, light as is the day.

I shall not err, if found in Life's high road,
The holy way which leads to thy abode,
For all who have therein their footsteps set,
Have promise they shall to its ending get.

I shall not err, while following the rule
Of Wisdom, though some count me as a fool;
What man thinks foolishness may wisdom be,
And wisdom may be foolishness with thee.

I shall not err, wayfarer though I be,
For thou art ever watching over me,
And at what instant I may halt and doubt,
Thy hand to me the right way pointeth out.

I shall not err, thou art a Father nigh,
And when to thee, thy simple child, I cry,
Thou wilt be with me to allay my fear,
And whisper words my trembling faith to cheer.

I shall not err, for thou hast told me so,
Although I am an erring one I know,
Yet trusting thee, thou wilt my soul defend,
And guard and guide me to my journey's end.

ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

NOT a sorrow can befal,
Not a trial great or small,
But the Lord will manage all,
So that they shall work for good.

Though we may be called to eat,
Bread of tears as daily meat,
All the bitter with the sweet,
God will make to work for good.

All the sorrow, all the woe,
Man is born unto below;
All the most afflicted know,
God can make to work for good.

All that to our lot is cast,
All the present, all the past,
All the future to the last,
God will make to work for good.

Blessings we have most enjoyed,
Trials we would most avoid,
Strangely are by God employed,
All together for our good.

All the worst and all the best,
Sweets and bitters and the rest,
From them may have blessings prest,
God shall make them work for good.

God by his own power and skill,
Can from bitter, sweet distil,
And make all he surely will
Work together for our good.

If we love him above all,
If we follow at his call,
All that to our lot may fall,
God will make it work for good.

THE TRUSTING HEART.

My heart trusted in him, and I am helped."
PSALM xxviii. 7.

BE PATIENT BRETHREN.

BROTHER in the path of sorrow,
Heaving oft the heavy sigh,
Dreading the unborn to-morrow,
Let us to forget it try.

Not with threatening evils trifling,
Not with cares to sport and play,
Nor by mad mirth sorrow stifling,
Would we drive our fears away.

But we may our burden lighten,
By its proper estimate;
And ourselves unduly frighten,
As our woes we overrate.

In the balance one small feather
May be but a trivial weight;
But by many prest together,
We may a huge load create.

Such a load man might sink under,
Like an overburdened wall;
But if he the burden sunder,
One by one, may carry all.

Let us think of troubled brothers,
Who have trod life's path before;
Let us think of many others,
Now, than we afflicted more.

Hush the murmuring thought, and fretful;
  Others have to bear a cross.
Why of mercies so forgetful,
  Magnifying every loss?

Like rebellion in a city,
  Is the murmuring of the soul;
Like a canker is self-pity,
  Eating through the heart a hole.

Let us try to count our mercies,
  As the sand upon the shore;
Let us sing the Psalmist's verses,
  Let us learn his spirit more.

Heed ye not the din and rattle,
  Heed ye not the bitter strife;
Boldly in the daily battle,
  Let us fight the fight of life.

Up to heaven our prayer ascending,
  With our hands we'll do our best;
On God's providence depending,
  Leaving to him all the rest.

With our sorrows each day coping,
  Knowing that we must have some,
As we meet them, each day hoping
  That a brighter time will come.

Brother, though thy cares continue,
  Cares so heavy to be borne,
Let not courage fail within you,
  Struggle still against the storm.

Though a while in woe you welter,
  Breast it bravely to the last;
Lo, before us is the shelter,
  Soon the danger will be past.

Let the waves around you spreading
  Only make you bolder grow;
Nothing daunted, nothing dreading,
  Through the stormy billows go.

Better far than the beginning
  Is the ending of our race,
If we are intent on winning
  With the faithful ones a place.

Struggle then a little longer,
  On the God of grace depend;
Faith in him will make us stronger,
  And the voyage well shall end.

ALL IS NOT ENDED YET.

WHEN once by heavy cares opprest
I low dejected lay,
And bitter thoughts within my breast
Deprived my weary mind of rest,
A voice within did say,
"All is not ended yet."

"All is not ended," ah, I thought,
The issue who can tell?
And peace into my mind was brought;
And on these words with hope so fraught
I still delight to dwell,
"All is not ended yet."

While treading still the path of woe
May hope and I ne'er part,
But hand-in-hand together go,
With certain step, however slow,
And this to cheer my heart,
"All is not ended yet."

The days which yet may intervene
Between this day and death,
May bring a bright and sunny scene,
And Providence may smile serene
Ere I resign my breath,
"All is not ended yet."

However dark the day may be
  Ere yet the night draws nigh,
The sun may yet shine gloriously,
And yet the scattered clouds may flee,
  Leaving a tranquil sky,
"All is not ended yet."

A tree may have a bitter root,
  Yet on its branches bear
Delicious and nutritious fruit;
And so afflictions, though acute,
  May yield fruit rich and rare,
"All is not ended yet."

God from each bitter will extract
  Some spiritual food;
It is recorded, as a fact,
That he will make all things so act
  That they shall yet work good,
"All is not ended yet."

Be patient, O my soul, and wait,
  And watch God's dealings still,
His wisdom, skill, and power so great
Can every instrument create,
  His purpose to fulfil,
"All is not ended yet."

GOD IS ABLE.

PRECIOUS promise, "God is able
To make grace abound to thee."
Words which hold me, as a cable
Holds the anchored ship at sea.
He is able, dare I doubt it?
Can I harbour now a fear?
Having proved so much about it,
Day by day, and year by year.

God is able, yes, I know it,
He can make all grace abound;
He can easily bestow it;
Grace sufficient I have found.
See his grace a river flowing,
Full unto its very brim;
Ever streaming—ever shewing
Nothing is too hard for him.

God is able, yes, I prove it,
Each good wish to gratify,
Fixed my faith, nor ought can move it,
He will all my needs supply;
All wherein I am deficient,
Which, alas! is much indeed,
Shall be met by grace sufficient,
In *my every* time of need.

Grace to keep my feet from falling,
God is able to bestow;
Grace to keep me trusting, calling
On him ever while below.
By his grace my soul renewing,
Working in me day by day,
As his will I would be doing
In his own appointed way.

Grace to crown my poor endeavour,
While his glory I would seek;
Grace sufficient that I ever,
What is right of him may speak;
Grace to do unto all others,
As I would they should to me;
Not alone to Christian brothers,
But unto mine enemy.

Grace that I may set the Saviour
Constantly before faith's eye;
Precious model of behaviour,
Whom to imitate I try:
On the grace of God relying,
Here I stand on solid ground;
Waking, sleeping; living, dying,
God can make all grace abound.

THE BIBLE CHART.

THE word of God my guide shall be
Upon life's dangerous, stormy sea;
The chart which marketh out the way
From sin's dark clime to heaven's bright day.

Engraved by God's unerring hand,
And published by his own command,
The way to heaven is traced out here,
In lines full-well defined and clear.

Herein his wisdom pointeth us,
To dangers hidden, numerous;
Where many souls by errors tossed,
Are wrecked, engulphed, and wholly lost.

Here too the sacred Rock I see,
Which from the storm will shelter me,
Where safely anchored, I may ride,
And from the furious tempest hide.

And here the heavenly harbour, too,
Is clearly pointed out to view;
Where worn by toil, by care opprest
The weary mariner may rest.

My soul now launched upon life's sea,
And sailing for eternity,
By this good chart thy course pursue,
And safely pass each danger through.

Christ the bright Star of purest light
Shall guide me through the darkest night
The glorious Sun with cheering ray
Shall guide me to eternal day.

LEAVE TO-MORROW.

WHY should we meet the cares to-day
Which may be far away?
Why should we bear prospectively,
Woes we may never see,
Cares which may never be?
Our present happiness to slay.

The clouds which may o'ercast our skies
Why dread ere they arise?
Why haste to meet a distant foe?
We shall enough of woe,
Each day most surely know;
Then leave to-morrow and be wise.

Let us not fill to-day with sorrow
The cup meant for to-morrow;
Our folly here we may detect,
In reckoning as a debt,
What is not due as yet;
And from our future trouble borrow.

Let the past sorrows be forgot;
The future bring them not;
Hence ye disturbing thoughts away;
Suffice the ill to-day,
We hear heaven's Wisdom say;
Then let us patient take our lot.

The cares of yesterday are gone,
No longer to be borne;
Let us be cheerful as we may;
Living as day by day:
This is the happy way;
Brighter may be the coming morn.

With all our over-anxious care
We cannot make one hair,
By fruitless effort, black or white;
Sad cares then take your flight;
Ye mists which dim the sight,
Vanish and leave our sky more fair.

Would we live happily, we must
Jehovah-Jireh trust;
Then free from fretting care we stand,
Our times are in his hand,
Obeying his command,
Who is the Faithful, True, and Just.

LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

WHEN man's anticipated joys
Are blighted in their bloom;
When cold adversity destroys
His hopes, and all is gloom;
And whatso'er his mind employs,
Doth darkening shades assume;
When sinking fears his mind enshroud,
Let faith to all reply,
"There's light behind the darkest cloud
That ever veiled the sky."

Should riches haste, as if on wings,
And far off from me fly;
Should the heart pained by poisoned stings
Of falsest friendship, sigh;
And all our dearest, earthly things,
Our most-prized comforts fly;
Yet still faith crieth out aloud,
And I would heed the cry,
"There's light behind the darkest cloud
That ever veiled the sky."

The clouds may quickly pass away,
The sun pour down his light,
A gloriously brilliant day
May follow a dark night;
So light from darkest trials may
Break, luminously bright:

Though foes in legions round me crowd,
They yet may have to fly:
"There's light behind the darkest cloud
That ever veiled the sky."

Though God may for a while conceal
His purpose from my view;
Though he the heavens in darkness seal,
So that no light break through;
Though he may not his will reveal,
I know that he is true;
I hear his voice, it speaketh loud,
It sayeth from on high,
"There's light behind the darkest cloud
That ever veiled the sky."

Though darkness still may be my lot,
Through which I cannot see;
The darkness and the light, I wot,
Are both alike to thee;
Though through the clouds I see thee not,
Yet thou beholdest me;
Hence though a while by sorrow bowed,
Faith lifts to thee her eye;
Assured, there's light behind the cloud
Which overcasts my sky.

UNDER HIS EYE.

If I truly fear the Lord,
As I humbly trust I do,
In his word for me are stored,
Promises as sweet as true.

He upon me sets his eye,
Watching me by night and day;
And his ear attends my cry,
Whensoever I may pray.

He to mark the silent tear,
He the secret wish to read;
To that soul is ever near,
Who his name reveres indeed.

When by trials weighted down,
Then his eyes upon me rest;
Not with awful, angry frown,
But with smiles to cheer my breast.

As a Father he beholds
When the foe my soul alarms;
And his trembling one enfolds
In his all-supporting arms.

O that he in whom I live!
O that he who gave me birth!
Should this higher favour give,
Me to dwell with on the earth.

This in his most holy book
Thus he doth distinctly tell,
"To this poor man will I look,
With this humble soul will dwell."

I AM WITH THEE.

HARK! what accents tender
Greet my listening ear;
'Tis my soul's defender,
Speaks to quell my fear;
Speaks though others hear not,
Words so sweet to me;
Saying to me, "Fear not,
I am still with thee."

I am watching o'er thee,
In life's dangerous way;
I will go before thee,
Both by night and day:
I who never slumber,
I who never sleep,
I thy cares will number,
I thy soul will keep.

I am still beside thee
  Always—everywhere;
I till death will guide thee,
  Nor will leave thee there;
But will thee deliver
  From the dreary strand,
Lead thee through death's river
  To heaven's sun-lit land.

O Divine Defender,
  O my Saviour dear,
Sweet thy words and tender,
  Quelling all my fear;
On thy words relying,
  Now my fears all cease;
And they shall when dying
  Yield me perfect peace.

O that faith were firmer,
  That distrust were crushed!
O that every murmur
  Were for ever hushed!
Shame on me that ever
  I should disbelieve
Thee, who sayest that never
  Thou my soul wilt leave.

THY WAY IS IN THE SEA.

THY way, O God, is in the sea:
Amidst the waters' strife,
Thou camest, O my Lord, to me,
To hold my soul in life.

When sinking fast beneath the wave,
On angry billows tossed,
Hadst thou not come my soul to save,
I had been surely lost.

I feared the waves of wrath would drown
My soul when sinking so;
But thou wast there, and stooping down,
Didst rescue me from woe.

I often think upon that scene
Of dismal, wild despair;
When hadst not thou my helper been,
I must have perished there.

I little thought when in such fear
Thou wast so very nigh;
I little thought that thou wouldst hear
Thy sinking creature's cry.

But now I know, however dark
The night about me be,
However tempest-tossed my bark,
Thou walkest on the sea.

I know the darkness of the night
From thee can never hide;
Safe in the dark as in the light
Upon life's sea I ride.

And though thou mayest be unseen,
When troubled waters roll;
Yet still thou steppest in between
The danger and my soul.

And now still on life's stormy main
This shall my comfort be,
That I have proved again, again,
Thy way is in the sea.

Thou hast delivered, and I trust
Thou wilt deliver still;
For thou art faithfulness, and must
Thy word of grace fulfil.

Though yet I on the waves be tossed,
Thy word shall cheer my breast;
Till Death's dark river shall be crossed,
Upon thy word I rest.

For even ever to the last
Thou wilt my soul defend;
Till every threatening wave is passed,
And storms for ever end.

THE GOD OF ISRAEL.

GOD, who did his people bless
In the howling wilderness,
Still regards with tender care
Those who serve him, everywhere.

Not a secret sigh nor tear,
Rising from the heart sincere;
Not the faintest, feeblest cry,
Will he pass unheeded by.

Though in spirit they may mourn
Like a dove, bereaved, forlorn,
Yet he gives them day by day,
Strength to hold them on their way.

As a Father he will chide,
If his children walk in pride;
Yet he will not always be,
Angry with his family.

He to them will pity shew,
Nor will let them sink in woe;
Will be near for their relief
When their bosoms swell with grief.

PERSECUTED, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

ART thou, brother, persecuted?
Think of God's most holy Son;
Think what hatred, deeply rooted,
Followed him, the harmless One.

See thy glorious Captain leading,
Bright example he for us;
Patient though in anguish bleeding;
Christian brother view him thus.

Time will seem to fly the faster,
Trials lighter will appear
As we view our Lord and Master
Suffering so while dwelling here.

Think ye of each noble martyr,
Once so tried, but now so blest;
Think ye of the Christian's charter;
After tribulation, rest.

Heed ye not their bitter rancour,
Though your foes should never sleep;
Hope in Christ; cast there your anchor,
When deep calleth unto deep.

Soon the clouds which gather o'er us
Will disperse, and heaven will smile:
Lo! the haven is before us,
Patience, brother, for a while.

GOD'S CARE.

THOUGH 'tis a dark, mysterious way
In which thou, Lord, dost lead me,
Yet thou art faithful day by day,
To clothe me and to feed me.

Why does my heart distrust thee so,
Who hath the promise spoken,
All that is needful to bestow?
Nor can thy word be broken.

Thou sayest that without thy ken
Not one poor sparrow falleth;
Regard thy sinful creature then,
Upon thy name who calleth.

Thou sayest that the very hairs
Upon my head are numbered;
Why am I then with anxious cares
So burdened, so encumbered?

Is thy all-seeing sleepless eye
For ever watching o'er me?
And art thou to me ever nigh,
Behind me and before me?

Sure then my needs can never be
From thee, Omniscient, hidden;
Then help me to confide in thee
By faith, as thou hast bidden.

If still on earth my lot be cast
Within the path of sorrow,
I hope when life's dark night is past
A bright eternal morrow.

That blessèd hope my anchor be,
Amidst the world's commotion;
Till I am landed safe with thee,
Beyond life's stormy ocean.

THE SWEETENED CUP.

THE cup is not of unmixed woe,
The good and ill are mingled so,
Working as God appoints they should,
Our present and eternal good.

Never upon us falls a pain,
But from it is some future gain;
Christ acts the good physician's part,
And heals the woeful, wounded heart.

And every added weight of care
Gives life and fervency to prayer;
And as our sufferings abound,
In Christ is consolation found.

Sorrow and peace together go;
And wisely are proportioned so
That peace shall keep us from despair,
And sorrow save from folly's snare.

LOOK UNTO ME.

SAVIOUR, when my heart sadly sinks,
  Oppress by care on care,
When bitterness my spirit drinks
  Till tempted to despair;
Like one when dying on the cross,
  Cried, "Lord, remember me;"
So under every painful loss,
  To thee I look, to thee.

In days bygone, thou Saviour dear,
  While trusting in thy name,
In trouble, I have found thee near,
  And hope I shall again;
But oh! my heart is now so sad,
  That none can comfort me;
Yet since thy words can make me glad,
  Saviour, I look to thee.

There is no sorrow in my breast,
  Not a corroding care,
But 'neath it thou canst bid me rest,
  And help me all to bear;
Then to the heavenly Father's will,
  Submissive I would be;
Led by the blessèd Spirit still,
  Jesus, to *look* to thee.

THE UNCHANGING GOD.

BEHIND the clouds the glorious sun
  Shines with refulgent ray;
Change in his brightness there is none,
  However dark the day.

Great Uncreated—Sun Divine!
  It would indeed be strange,
Should the created ne'er decline,
  But the Creator change.

But no! not shadow of a turn
  In thee can be, nor spot:
Thy love a flame doth ever burn,
  It glows, it cooleth not.

A weary traveller by night,
  I may full often be;
But O the darkness and the light
  Are both alike to thee!

Though o'er my soul hang threatening clouds,
  Those clouds shall pass away;
Though dreary night my soul enshrouds,
  The night shall turn to day.

THE PRAISE OF THE HEART.

"I will praise thee with my whole heart."
PSALM ix. 1.

THE CREATOR PRAISED.

TOUCH thou my lips, O Lord, and I
Thy glorious praise will sing:
Creator of the earth and sky;
All nature's God and King.

Thy works shall all thy praise express,
In each thy wonders shine;
But O thy saints thy name shall bless,
For grace, rich grace is thine!

Thy skill is seen in every flower,
In every grassy blade;
In objects great and small, thy power
Is everywhere displayed.

Rich mines of gems and golden ore,
Which in earth's bowels grow;
The ocean's waves and bed and shore,
And all its tribes below;

The beasts which move upon earth too,
And all the feathered race;
The fleecy clouds of varied hue,
Which tinge heaven's azure face;

The glorious sun which rules the day,
With gladdening, quickening light;
The moon which shines with silvery ray,
To grace the silent night;

Planets and stars, like glistering gems,
  Which sparkle in the sky,
As jewels set in diadems:
  Vast, distant worlds on high!

These and all else thy hands have made,
  Most high and mighty Lord;
All have a voice, and all do aid
  To sound thy praise abroad.

But whilst thy works proclaim thy skill,
  And spread thy praise around,
Thy saints in nobler anthems still,
  Shall swell the grateful sound.

'Tis theirs to tell how thy rich love
  Pours down in streams of grace,
From thy high court of bliss above,
  On Adam's sinful race.

How love to sin-polluted man,
  Brought Jesus from the sky;
That now through him thy mercy can
  Pass our transgressions by.

And how thy truth the heart makes soft,
  Distilling as the dew;
As by *thy Spirit's* power it oft
  Doth heart and mind renew.

They bless thee for redeeming love,
For rich abounding grace,
For the bright home prepared above—
The happy resting-place.

Thus whilst thy works proclaim thy might,
And blaze abroad thy skill,
Thy saints with heart and voice unite
The swelling strain to fill.

Sing heaven and earth and sky and sea,
And saints sing, one and all,
The praises of the Deity,
Who filleth All in All.

WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN YE LOVE.

O JESUS, if I love thee so,
  Whom yet I cannot see,
How shall that love, a spark below,
Become a flame of fervid glow
    When face to face with thee!

My love a swelling river then
  (A tiny streamlet yet)
Shall gush forth as a torrent when
Of thee, blest Saviour of lost men,
    I unveiled vision get.

Though dim my sight, my knowledge small,
  I only know in part,
Yet know sufficient, thee to call
On earth, in heaven my All in All,
    The sovereign of my heart.

If 'tis so sweet, here dimly seen,
  To catch a glimpse of thee,
Witnessed as through a latticed screen,
How glorious when no veil between
    Shall cloud thy smiles from me!

Glad would these eyes behold to-night
  Thy glorious coming, Lord;
O to have faith exchanged for sight!
To *see thy unveiled* glory bright,
    My Saviour—my adored!

PRAISE TO JESUS.

JESUS, my Saviour, I adore,
I reverence thy name;
Had I ten thousand tongues or more,
They all should speak thy fame.

My soul is fired with holy zeal,
But ah! I lack the power
To utter but the half I feel
Of love to thee this hour.

Each moment I would now employ
In hymns of praise to thee;
Unutterable is the joy
Thy love begets in me.

Jesus, in thee is my delight,
Sweet is the work of praise;
O that in this employ I might
Spend my remaining days!

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY.

REJOICING in the Lord,
As it is meet I should;
For ever be his name adored,
For he is always good.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
Though I am poor indeed;
For my rich Saviour can afford
To satisfy my need.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
Though in myself undone,
That depths of mercy unexplored,
Are found in God's dear Son.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
When earthly joys decline;
For peace in Jesus Christ is stored,
A rich exhaustless mine.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
Who is my saving shield;
And by whose strength the Spirit's sword
Against the foe I wield.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
Though bearing still a cross;
His lovingkindness I record,
Who turns to gain each loss.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
  Who can and will supply
The grace I often have implored,
  That I in faith may die.

Rejoicing in the Lord,
  That soon his worthy praise
Shall be incessantly outpoured
  By me in sweeter lays.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

WE praise the Father's love, who sent his Son
To put away the evil we had done:
That whosoever in his name believe,
The grace of life eternal may receive.

We praise the Saviour, who in wondrous grace
Once suffered in the guilty sinner's place:
For dying, all our dreadful debt to pay;
Thus ever putting all our sin away.

We praise the Holy Spirit's quickening pow'r,
Exerted in us to life's latest hour:
For working in us faith and hope and love,
And all that fits us for the home above.

FRIEND AND BROTHER.

JESUS, hearken to me now,
Hear a soul his faith avow;
What is this poor earth to me,
Now that I thy beauty see!

Sun! most gloriously bright,
Shedding on and in me light;
Light to guide me in the way,
Leading to eternal day.

Shepherd! guarding me with care,
Every day and everywhere;
Loving Shepherd, who didst give
Thine own life that I might live.

Brother! what a brother dear!
In our flesh how very near;
As in ages past, so now,
Chief amongst ten thousands thou.

Friend! befriending man how much?
Where was friendship ever such?
Loving even unto death,
Yielding up for man thy breath.

Thee, I Friend and Brother call,
Precious Saviour, All in All;
Heaven and earth combined in one,
Son of man, and God the Son.

SAINTS AND ANGELS PRAISE HIM.

YE angels strike your harps aloud,
Sublimest music bring,
And round the conquering Saviour crowd,
His deeds of grace to sing.

Ye glorious souls who dwell above,
Beyond the reach of woe,
Sing of the Saviour's wondrous love,
For ye his kindness know.

Ye saints who sojourn still on earth,
Praise him with heart and tongue;
By those who daily know his worth,
His praises must be sung.

Who died our souls from death to save
Is worthy of our songs;
To him in heaven unceasing praise,
And praise on earth belongs.

Eternal honours he shall wear,
And wreaths which never fade;
For he our weight of suffering bare,
And he our ransom paid.

I WILL PRAISE THEE.

DEAREST Saviour, I will give
Praises to thee while I live;
Thou my refuge and my rest,
Thou hast cheered my troubled breast.

Though I wandered far from thee,
Thou hast not forsaken me;
Kindness is thy nature still,
Though my nature's bent is ill.

O what love is in thy heart,
That from me thou wilt not part;
Nor, though tempted day by day,
Wilt thou let me turn away!

Softly thy compassions twine
Round about this heart of mine;
Deep into my soul they go,
Sinking lower than my woe.

Nor alone my lips shall praise,
But in all the varied ways
Of my life, it shall be seen,
That I have with Jesus been.

Heart and lips devoted be,
Saviour, while I live, to thee;
Thine to serve until I die,
Then to serve above the sky.

BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS.

BEAUTIFUL sights the saints behold,
As to their faith the heavens unfold,
Pouring in light, like rays of gold,
When dying.

Beautiful smiles upon the cheek,
Their inward, heavenly peace bespeak;
While for the call, resigned and meek
They listen.

Beautiful, sweet dissolving swoon,
Which overwhelms the senses soon,
Drowning night in the light of noon
Eternal.

Beautiful angels bright and fair,
Safely screened from the vulgar stare,
The disembodied soul to bear
Are waiting.

Beautiful heaven's pearly gate,
Where holy guards of honour wait,
Admit with more than kingly state
The ransomed.

Beautiful there the soul appears,
Washed from his sins, saved from his fears,
Safe housed above this vale of tears
In glory.

Beautiful sights his soul surprise,
Everywhere he turns his eyes,
Throughout the vastly-peopled skies
Unbounded.

Beautiful saints enrobed in white,
All harmoniously unite,
Singing with rapturous delight
"Salvation."

Beautiful crowns their temples wear;
Bright as the sun in midday glare,
They who once so afflicted were,
And hated.

Beautiful Jesus, O to see!
Once who groaned in Gethsemane,
Once who expired on Calvary,
Unveilèd.

Beautiful rest he now enjoys,
Sin no longer his peace destroys,
Sweetest praise his soul employs
For ever.

Beautiful sights and beautiful sounds,
All that is beautiful there abounds,
All that is beautiful him surrounds
In heaven.

THE DAY OF REST.

HOLY, hallowed day of rest,
Of the seven days the best;
Day to lay aside our care,
Day to meet for praise and prayer.

Ever on this day of days,
We our hallelujahs raise;
We will our thank-offering bring,
We will of God's mercies sing.

Be the yesterday forgot,
For to-morrow trouble not;
Past and future cares away,
Peaceful be this holy day.

In the house of God we meet,
All his goodness to repeat;
Now we all our voices raise
To the great Jehovah's praise.

Let our meditation be,
Lord, acceptable to thee;
Let our prayers and praises rise
As the evening sacrifice.

O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD.

My God!
I wandered from thee in my youth,
Till thou didst make me feel the awful truth
Of my great distance from thee.

My God!
When I stood trembling and afraid,
To thee, as taught by thee, my spirit prayed,
And thou didst hear my breathings.

My God!
When horror overwhelmed my soul,
When threatening waves did all around me roll,
Thou secretly sustained me.

My God!
When I was sinking in despair,
Thou heardest then thy guilty creature's prayer,
And did my soul deliver.

My God!
Who in the plenitude of grace,
Smiling upon me in the Saviour's face,
All-freely did forgive me.

My God!
I heard thy sweet forgiving voice,
Thy Spirit's whisper, bidding me rejoice
In Jesus Christ, my Saviour.

My God!
Who hast a thousand times and ways
Preserved me through so many evil days,
I love thee—I adore thee.

My God!
When I to memory thus recall
Part of thy mercies, who can count them all?
I'm lost in contemplation.

My God!
So long as I draw mortal breath,
Thou shalt my guide be, even unto death,
And then in heaven receive me.

My God!
My Saviour, thou I know canst shed
A glorious halo round the dying-bed
Of him who trusteth in thee.

My God!
To die is to return to thee;
And who can guess how blissful it will be
To dwell in thy blest presence!

My God!
I long to see as I am seen,
And gaze, without the thinnest veil between,
Upon thy dazzling glory.

SON OF GOD AND SON OF MAN.

SON of God, for sinners given,
Listen to a sinner's lays;
Greatest, brightest gift of heaven,
Thou shalt reap eternal praise:
Son of God, by whose salvation
Hosts of men in life shall reign;
Hosts redeemed from every nation,
Rescued from eternal pain.

Son of man, by man despisèd,
Who for man didst suffer so,
Why, O why so little prizèd?
Why so little loved below?
Son of man, how tender, gentle
Is thy sympathetic heart;
Far surpassing love parental,
Friend of sinners still thou art.

Son of God and man united,
Deep but glorious mystery:
Drawn by thee, by thee invited,
Lo, I gladly follow thee:
Son of God and man who shinest
Brightest 'midst the heavenly throng;
Honours, praises, songs divinest,
To thy glorious name belong.

Still to earth's remotest regions
Man shall speak thy spreading fame;
Still in heaven angelic legions
Constantly extol thy name;
Still through future generations
Thou shalt be earth's blessèd One,
And angelic constellations
Own thee as their central Sun.

THE DAY IS AT HAND.

THE night is far spent,
The day is at hand;
At the door of thy tent,
My soul ready stand.
Be not of the number
Who carelessly sleep;
But shaking off slumber,
A constant watch keep.

The night will ere long
For ever be past;
A torrent full strong,
It rushes on fast;
The break of the morning
Will shortly appear;
The glorious dawning
Of heaven is near.

Though still it is dark,
I see of heaven's light
A luminous spark,
All-gloriously bright;
Lo, yonder it blazes,
The fair Morning Star:
My soul on it gazes,
Though distant so far.

And there is a voice
Which hushes my fears,
Which bids me rejoice,
And dry up my tears;
Blest accents announcing,
"Redemption is nigh:"
Them blessèd pronouncing,
In Jesus who die.

I hear the sweet voice
Which sayeth "I come;"
My heart doth rejoice,
It cannot be dumb:
Lo, Saviour, how thickly
The harvest doth stand!
O Jesus, "Come quickly,"
Thy day be at hand.

THE HEAVENLY PROSPECT.

HAIL! the hour of dissolution
Of this mortal house of clay;
When th' immortal from pollution
Freed, shall wing to heaven its way;
Soaring then to brighter regions,
Leaving all which pained below,
Welcomed by angelic legions
To the rest the ransomed know.

Hail! all hail the happy era,
Weeping, brethren, hail the time;
Every moment brings us nearer
To that pure ethereal clime,
Where our fondest expectations
Which through precious faith arise;
All our glad anticipations,
We shall fully realise.

All our sorrows then shall leave us,
All our suffering and pain;
Sin no longer then shall grieve us,
It shall be for ever slain:
And with sin our foe defeated,
Great our peace shall ever be;
In the Saviour's presence seated,
Ever from defilement free.

Hail we then the looked-for dawning,
Of that bright celestial day;
Hail! all hail the glorious morning,
When we wing to heaven our way:
Heaven our hope with glory crowning
In unbroken peace above,
All our sorrow ending—drowning—
In the brimming sea of love.

HIS WORKMANSHIP.

LORD, I thy great goodness bless,
And thy grace all free,
Heart and lips shall now confess,
That alone from thee,
All the goodness I possess,
Cometh unto me.

Fear, in which thou dost delight,
Godly sorrow too,
All that's pleasing in thy sight,
All that's pure and true,
Come of thine own power and might,
Forming me anew.

Faith and love, each precious grace,
  Hope and holiness,
In my heart which has a place,
  I from thee possess;
By which till I see thy face,
  After thee I press.

Thee by thine own grace I serve,
  By that grace I live;
Thou with strength my soul dost nerve,
  Thou fresh grace dost give,
Lest I from thy ways should swerve,
  Lest I thee should leave.

With thy love I love thee, Lord,
  By thy faith believe;
And be thy great name adored,
  Daily I receive,
From the grace in Jesus stored,
  Strength to thee to cleave.

All the praise then shall be thine,
  It to thee belongs,
Author of the life divine;
  And in all my songs,
Fervent be the strains of mine
  As the heavenly throngs.

THE HUMBLED HEART.

"Because thy heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord," &c.

2 KINGS xxii. 19.

"Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble, thou wilt prepare their heart."

PSALM x. 17.

NEITHER MURMUR YE.

I WILL not murmur, howsoever sore
Thy hand may press me, I am still thy care;
Thou wilt not, Father, lay upon me more
Than thou wilt help thy feeble child to bear.

I will not murmur, though so hot the fire,
'Tis not too fierce to purge away my dross;
Nor, as to thee I am thereby drawn nigher,
Would I complain though weighty be my cross.

I will not murmur, though thou deem the rod
Still needful to correct thine erring child;
Thy chastisement I own, my gracious God,
Compared with all my waywardness is mild.

I would not murmur, shouldst thou take away
All that I hold most dear, but rather sit
Submissively before thee, taught to say,
Do with me, Father, as thou seest fit.

I would not murmur, for my pain how slight
Compared with what the suffering Saviour bore
So lamb-like, on that memorable night,
When bowed in agony, his sweat was gore.

I will not murmur, thou art ever wise,
Thou workest all together for the best,
And thou hast promised me above the skies
Unbroken peace, and everlasting rest.

THY WILL BE DONE.

THY will be done, my Father, God,
I from my heart would say;
Even when affliction's scourging rod,
Thou on thy child dost lay.

Thy will be done, who art too kind
To cause me needless pain;
I would be patient and resigned,
I would no more complain.

Thy will be done, who art too good,
My troubled soul to crush;
Submissive at thy feet I would
Each rising murmur hush.

Thy will be done, who art too wise
To do one thing amiss;
Lo, now I bend, with tearful eyes,
Thy needful rod to kiss.

Thy will be done, too tender thou
The bruisèd reed to break;
O heal my wounded spirit now,
For my dear Saviour's sake!

Thy will be done, who righteous art
In all thy works and ways;
Bid all my fretfulness depart,
And turn my tears to praise.

SURPRISING MERCY.

EVER dear and loving Saviour,
Still thou art a friend to me;
Passing by my misbehaviour,
Shewing mercy rich and free;
And extending
Peace to one so false to thee.

Why should one whose heart has slidden
Backward from thy pleasant ways,
Hankering after things forbidden,
Wasting thus my precious days,
Be enlightened
By thy cheering, healing rays?

Why should one who oft has broken
Thy sweet precepts, O my Lord,
Ever have another token
Of thy favour shed abroad
In his bosom,
And thy blessing on him poured?

Why should one who thus has slighted
Promises and precepts too,
Ever be again delighted
By another cheering view
Of the Saviour,
Bringing fellowship anew?

O 'tis mercy past expressing
That a wanderer so base,
Should, through Heaven's indulgent blessing,
In his favour find a place!
And though sinful,
Sweetly taste again his grace.

HEAR YE THE ROD.

HEAR the rod, it hath a voice;
Hear it, and thou shalt rejoice.
Every stroke of chastisement,
Sayeth to thee, Soul, repent;
Sayeth to thee, Soul, return,
Come to me and meekly learn;
Sayeth, Give to me thine heart,
From iniquity depart.

Know that by each former stroke,
God in mercy to thee spoke;
Now in this thy present pain,
Hark! he speaks to thee again;
Seek him while he may be found,
While ye stand on praying ground;
Call on him while he is near,
Hear the rod, my soul, and fear.

FATHERLY CORRECTION.

IT is thy hand, my Father,
And though it presseth sore,
I will not fret, but rather
Myself would humble more;
I own thy dealings gentle,
Thy chastisement is mild;
As human love, parental,
Corrects an erring child.

Though with thy hand thou presseth,
'Tis but to purge my sin;
Thou all the while caresseth,
And giveth peace within;
How good, how wise my Maker,
Who in this way dost bless;
To make my soul possessor,
Of Jesus' holiness.

I see my misbehaviour,
And I am filled with shame;
I think of all thy favour,
And I adore thy name.
O thou the ever-living,
The ever-loving God,
All-gracious, all-forgiving,
I hear—I kiss the rod!

THE CUP OF LIFE.

'Tis the God of my salvation,
Hands the cup of life to me;
In the heavenly preparation,
There can nought but goodness be.

I will take it, all that's in it
Drink by the divine command;
Mixed it is by skill infinite,
And by an unerring hand.

'Tis of little moment whether
Weal or woe on earth my guest;
Since God maketh all together,
Work most wisely for the best.

'Tis not always gold which glitters,
Deadly poison may be sweet;
Often that which life embitters,
Makes the soul for heaven meet.

Think not that the proud and wealthy,
Think not that the great and wise,
Nor that the robust and healthy,
Happiness monopolise.

On the couch of ease reclining
There is often discontent;
'Neath some little care repining
With a thousand blessings sent.

He who lives on earth contented,
Humble though his portion be,
Could not have his peace augmented
By a lot of luxury.

He who lives by heaven assurèd
All is well whate'er his lot,
Hath a blessedness securèd,
Which a murmurer knoweth not.

Fret not then, my soul, but rather
Take the cup which wisdom fills;
Take it, calling on the Father,
Who from bitters, sweet distils.

At the sacred footstool kneeling,
What thy Father doth dispense,
Take with child-like trust and feeling,
And in humble confidence.

Ever in thy bosom praying
(One sweet prayer, this the one),
Ever from the heart be saying,
"Father, may thy will be done!"

So shall peace to thee extended
Gently flow within thy breast,
Till thy sorrows all are ended,
Till thou enter into rest.

BLESSED IS HE WHOSOEVER IS NOT OFFENDED IN ME.

NO! I am not offended, Lord,
At any words of thine;
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy doctrine is divine.

What in thy word conflicting seems,
Must all be true and right;
What man as contradiction deems,
Agrees in heavenly light.

Thy providence how dark soe'er
By human reason viewed;
The cross however hard to bear,
Must all be for my good.

I know that thou art good and wise,
I know thy ways are right;
That may be folly in thine eyes
That's wisdom in my sight.

Thy ways my soul with wonder fill;
Nor can I them explain,
But 'tis my wisdom to be still,
Nor of those ways complain.

Before thy footstool I will bow,
All reverently low;
Assured that what I know not now
I shall hereafter know.

FRUIT OF AFFLICTION.

LORD, I would be chastened, rather
Than thy holy words despise;
Knowing 'tis thy way, O Father,
Whom thou lovest, to chastise.
Hadst thou not my soul corrected,
Might I not have wandered far
From the paths of thine elected,
Where relentless sinners are?

Yes! I do the feeling cherish,
That didst thou design to leave
Me, a sinful one, to perish,
I for sin should never grieve:
Glad I read that they are blessèd
Who endure thy chastening rod,
And are thus of proof possessèd,
That they are the sons of God.

Well I know that thy correction
Has a blessing been to me;
And the calmer my reflection,
More and more its use I see:
As the ocean's foaming surges
Wash the shore and keep it clean,
So have thy paternal scourges
To my soul's well-being been.

THE CHASTENED CHILD.

A CHASTENED child I come to thee,
My Father I repent;
Unworthy I thy son to be,
I so to evil bent.

My sins appear to me so great,
Because thou art so good;
My sins against thee I do hate,
Though not so as I would.

O Father, who so loving art,
Pity thine erring child;
Control, as I cannot, the heart,
So full of passions wild.

I hear thee say, "Return, return,
Only confess thy sin;"
O Father, I begin to learn
Thy love, I but begin.

The more of thee I know, the more
Thy tenderness appears;
My foolishness how I deplore,
See in my flowing tears.

O Father, 'tis thy goodness breaks
The proud rebellious will;
And of a wayward wanderer makes
A child, submissive, still.

O Father, leave me not alone,
Be with me every day;
For as a silly sheep is prone,
So I, to go astray.

Until I reach my heavenly home,
Guard me each day and hour:
O Father, lest from thee I roam,
Put forth in me thy power.

HUMBLED BEFORE GOD.

O THOU in whose most holy sight
The heavens are not clean,
If thus thou viewest things so bright,
Then how must man be seen!

If angels veil their faces when
They in thy presence stand,
What greater cause have sinful men
To stoop beneath thy hand!

Most holy, holy, holy Lord,
We fall before thy face;
Thy name be hallowed and adored,
While we ourselves abase.

RESIGNATION.

INTO thy hands, my Father,
My all I now commit;
Not as I will, but rather
As thou shalt deem most fit:
Thy wisdom is unerring,
Thy ways are always right;
I would without demurring,
In all thy will delight.

Into thy hands, Protector
And Counsellor divine,
My soul's all-wise Director,
My all I now resign;
Depending every minute
On thee, I would be kept;
Thy will, for love is in it,
I cheerfully accept.

Into thy hands most Holy,
Who all things well hast done,
I leave my future solely;
Whose dealings every one,
Should they be sweet, or whether
Be bitter from them prest,
Thou makest all together
Work for the very best.

Into thy hands so tender,
My Father and my Friend,
My all I now surrender,
Down to my journey's end;
To whom I am beholden
For all the good I see;
Who never hast withholden,
One blessing yet from me.

Into thy hands for ever,
I soul and body cast:
O Father, leave me never,
Uphold me to the last;
In the blest shadow hide me,
Of thy protecting wing;
Safe through life's dangers guide me,
And to thy presence bring.

Omniscient, Omnipresent,
Omnipotent alone!
'Tis in the highest pleasant,
To call thy will my own.
It is in mortal meetest,
To lose his will in thine;
This frame of soul is sweetest,
O be this spirit mine!

DESIRES OF THE HEART.

"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."
PSALM xxxvii. 4.

SOUL LONGINGS.

O FOR the wings of a dove,
To soar away to rest;
To fly to the realms above,
And be with angels blest!

O to be free from sin,
And far removed from care;
To have perfect peace within,
And round me everywhere!

And never again to know,
What here we feel so much,
The bitterness and the woe
Of sin's polluting touch.

But there as the angels bright,
Who wing the shining way;
The innocent sons of light;
And holy be as they.

O for the wings of a dove,
To quit this troubled shore,
And enter where all is love,
Where evil is no more!

DOVE-LIKE SPIRIT.

DOVE-LIKE Spirit rest on me,
That I calm and gentle be;
That thy peaceful influence
Over me its power dispense.

Dove-like Spirit in me dwell,
That my heart with love may swell,
Loving God and loving man,
As alone by thee I can.

Dove-like Spirit, ever rest
In my consecrated breast;
That it as thy dwelling be,
Consecrated thus to thee.

Dove-like Spirit never quit,
(Though for such a guest unfit,)
Never leave my soul (thy throne),
Claim it, hold it as thine own.

Dove-like Spirit whisper peace,
Hush my fears and bid them cease;
Speaking by thy still, small voice,
Cause me always to rejoice.

Dove-like Spirit teach me still,
All the Father's holy will;
All the Saviour's grace and love,
Till thou take my soul above.

DYING GRACE DESIRED.

By faith on thee relying,
My precious Friend above;
O that I may when dying,
Lean only on thy love!
Let no delusive feeling
Enkindle in my breast,
But be the Spirit's sealing
My passport into rest.

To thee when earth I'm leaving,
May I my all resign;
Rejoicingly believing,
That I am ever thine;
Assured that I am going
To that blest home of peace,
Where joy is ever flowing,
And sighs and sorrows cease.

To that delightsome dwelling,
The blissful home above;
Where joy is ever swelling,
Where all is always love;
Where there shall enter never
The slightest cause of pain;
For holiness for ever
And ever there shall reign.

WILLING TO DIE OR LIVE.

WHETHER I shall die or live,
God of love thy blessing give;
While I live my needs supply,
Be thou with me when I die.

If in life thou art my Friend,
If my death-bed thou attend,
Be no other wishes mine,
Not my will be done, but thine.

Should my days on earth be few,
With the heavenly home in view,
I am willing to depart,
To be with thee, where thou art.

Should my days be lengthened out,
I would not thy goodness doubt,
That beneath each load of care,
Thou wilt all my burden bear.

All who in thy name believe,
Promised succour shall receive;
I believing on thy name,
Never shall be put to shame.

Life and death with thee I leave,
Living, dying, to thee cleave;
Living kept by thee 'tis well,
Dying is with thee to dwell.

WORLD OF DANGERS.

WORLD of dangers, world of cares,
World of sorrows, and of snares;
World of bitter, varied woes,
Gladly would I hail life's close.

Not to fretfulness a prey,
Would I pine my hours away;
Not against the God of grace,
Would I to hard thoughts give place.

Yet may I a weary one,
Hope my course is nearly run;
Soon to enter into rest,
As the sun sinks in the west.

I would not impatient be,
Yet I long to be with thee;
Lord, I wait to hear thee say,
"Rise my child, and come away."

FAITH'S PROSPECT.

O MY Lord, I long to slumber
In the dust
With the just;
Counted with that happy number,
Never more to sin.

Then my raptured spirit rising
High above,
Full of love,
All its longings realising,
Free from every care.

Then adieu to all my weeping,
Not a tear,
Nor a fear;
In the world of spirits reaping
Pleasure unalloyed.

Sins which now so often grieve me,
Shall if I
In faith shall die,
From that happy moment leave me,
Never to return.

Then no more the deep dejection,
'Neath the rod
Of my God;
Needed for my soul's correction:
Wanderer then no more.

But how often I am fearing,
Lest when death
Takes my breath,
All my wanderings appearing,
Sink me in despair.

Yet in Jesus Christ confiding,
Death appear,
Need I fear,
'Neath the blood of Jesus hiding?
No, that cleanses me.

There where never sinner perished,
'Neath Christ's wing,
Will I cling;
By his lovingkindness cherished,
Peace shall be my end.

Better 'tis than life's beginning,
When the last
Day is past,
When there shall be no more sinning,
And hence no more pain.

Yes! my Lord, I long to slumber
In the dust
With the just,
Counted with that happy number,
Never more to sin.

WEARY PILGRIM.

LORD, a pilgrim worn and weary,
Sadly in his soul depressed,
Travelling through this desert dreary,
Seeks in vain herein for rest.

All around is threatening danger,
All disquietude within;
Lo! I wander here, a stranger,
In this wilderness of sin.

Here as through this waste I speed me,
Wending sad my lonesome way,
Great unseen Protector lead me,
To the rest of endless day.

Not on earth I seek my treasure,
No! I all its bliss forego,
In the search for precious treasure,
Not to be obtained below.

Though the pilgrimage is trying,
Though my spirit sometimes faints,
Yet I hope, on thee relying,
I shall reach the home of saints.

GOD'S FAVOUR ENTREATED.

UNTO thee, my Father,
I now breathe this prayer:
In thy favour rather
Let me have a share,
Than in all the treasure
Dug from golden mine;
Or each worldly pleasure:
These I now resign.

Life is an abortion,
Living without thee;
And the honoured portion
Is thy child to be;
O to me be given,
Life beyond the sky!
I for this have striven:
Less can't satisfy.

Days and years are wasted,
Till thy love is known;
When that love is tasted,
All who taste it own,
That there is no blessing,
Mortal ever shared,
Worthy of possessing,
With thy love compared.

Happy he who liveth
  In the perfect peace,
Which thy favour giveth;
  He shall have increase,
While on earth remaining,
  To his latest breath;
Heaven at last attaining—
  Glory after death.

This then my ambition,
  Thine on earth to be:
This the one petition
  I present to thee.
Hear in heaven thy dwelling,
  This desire of mine:
By thy Spirit telling
  Me that I am thine.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

PURITY and nothing less,
Nothing short of holiness,
Such as angels know on high,
My desire can satisfy.

Perfect righteousness my aim,
Love an ever-burning flame;
Ever like thyself to be,
Holy, holy, holy Three.

Not by merits of my own,
By thy righteousness alone,
Can I ever hope to be,
Holy as I wish, like thee.

Yet I would all evil hate;
Follow, love, and imitate
All to holiness which leads;
All the Saviour's words and deeds.

All that I by grace acquire,
All the holy, fervent fire,
All the faith and love I know,
May they daily, hourly grow.

Till each wish and every thought,
Subject to thy will be brought;
Till thy will be wholly mine—
Till my will be lost in thine.

Till I live as thou hast willed;
Live with holy longings filled;
Till I in thy likeness wake:
This I ask for Jesus' sake.

DESIRING TO BE LIKE JESUS.

To be like thee, my Saviour, this desire
Enkindled in my bosom as a fire,
With more or less intensity of flame,
Is ever burning; blessed be thy Name.

To be like thee, thou holy, spotless Lamb!
To be like thee, I who so evil am!
Bold aspiration, heavenly-soaring thought!
Yet rest I cannot of this longing short.

To be like thee, thou meek and lowly One!
To say with thee, "Father, thy will be done!"
To bear reproach, yet not again to rail;
To suffer wrong, nor in forgiveness fail.

To be like thee! Like thee to live I would,
Like thee to take delight in doing good;
To be like thee, with heart and mind above,
To be like thee, for ever breathing love.

To be *with* thee when I my race have run,
When here the work appointed me is done;
To be *with* thee, and all thy glory see,
Be this petition granted unto me.

INVOCATION.

COME! Come! Come! Come!
Come thou sacred Spirit, come;
Dove-like, gently on me rest,
Peacefully pervade my breast;
On thy wing
With thee bring
Every precious, heavenly grace,
In my bosom to displace
Carnal thought and worldly folly;
Giving peace for melancholy:
Visit me, and with me dwell;
Love I thy communion well.
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come sweet Comforter, O come;
Breathe thy softening influence,
Holy soothing, calm dispense;
While I muse,
Joy infuse.
Oh, I seek, I sigh for thee,
Essence true of Deity!
For my soul is sad without thee;
Gloom prevaileth round about me;
Thou canst bid my sadness cease;
Breathe! for where thou art is peace:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come thou heavenly Tutor, come;
Now my yearning soul to teach
Lessons out of human reach,
O descend,
The heavens rend;
Pour thy light upon my eyes;
Make me to salvation wise:
Reverent I bow before thee;
Blest Instructor, I adore thee.
Guide me into sacred truth,
Thou the Teacher of my youth:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come my constant Guardian, come,
O'er my pathway shed thy light;
Guide me through life's darksome night;
Earth is dreary,
I am weary:
Me to shelter, me to keep,
When awake and when asleep;
O vouchsafe thy gracious presence,
Holy Ghost, eternal Essence!
Guard me all my pilgrim-way,
Till I enter endless day:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come indwelling Spirit, come;
Act the ruling sovereign's part,
Hold possession of my heart;
O control
All my soul,
Till each wish and every thought,
Subject to thy will be brought;
Thou the new-born soul's Creator,
O Divine Regenerator,
Stablish in my heart thy throne,
Claim, secure me as thy own:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come thou quickening Spirit, come,
Thou who hast my soul renewed,
Still upon my spirit brood;
In me rise,
Vitalise
All my soul, that it may be
Ever as a fruitful tree,
Always blooming, always bearing
Fruit of grace, thy power declaring,
On me vitalising Power
Now descending as a shower:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come anointing Spirit, come;
Oil of grace upon me pour,
Sanctify me more and more;
Grace bestow,
Till it flow
All throughout this soul of mine,
Secret influence—Divine,
Often and again full often;
Till it my affections soften,
Till it make my spirit meek,
Like the Saviour's; this I seek:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Pentecostal Spirit, come,
Me with holy thoughts inspire;
Give to me the lips of fire,
So to speak
As I seek,
With a ready, fervid tongue,
Of the grace by prophets sung;
And by the apostles sounded;
Grace, which over sin abounded;
Grace, which by Christ Jesus came;
This to sing my heart inflame:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Come in all thy workings, come;
By thy teaching make me wise,
Light my understanding eyes;
All within
Wash from sin;
Holy fire my dross consume;
Holy oil, anoint, illume;
Warming, mollifying, healing
My regenerate soul, and sealing
Me a son of God and heir;
This to witness in me bear:
Come! Come!

Come! Come! Come! Come!
Daily through my life-time come;
Keep me till I yield my breath;
Guide me even unto death;
When I die
Be thou nigh,
Till my spirit thou release,
That I end my days in peace;
Love Divine within me shedding,
That I nothing fearing—dreading,
To this world may close my eyes,
And to bliss eternal rise:
So come!

THE TROUBLED HEART.

"The troubles of my heart are enlarged."
PSALM XXV. 17.

FIERY TRIALS.

THINK it not strange, believer, when
Fierce, fiery trials meet;
Thy God will view the furnace then,
And regulate its heat:
And he will watch the molten ore
With wise refining care,
So that the heat be never more
Than thy fused soul can bear.

Think it not strange, for in the fire
Thou shalt sustain no loss;
But what to lose is thy desire,
Thy soul's abundant dross:
The all-wise God has one design
In all thy trials here;
From dross thy spirit to refine,
Till the bright gold appear.

Think it not strange, for nothing strange
Has happened unto thee;
Through all the fields of scripture range,
And thou shalt clearly see,
That all whose ransomed spirits go
To dwell with God at last,
They all, while dwelling here below,
Through tribulation passed.

Think it not strange, for prophets went,
  Apostles, martyrs too,
(On heaven's eternal glory bent,)
  This fiery passage through.
No, nothing strange has happened yet,
  All worketh for the best;
And when to heaven we safely get,
  From trials we shall rest.

Think it not strange; it were indeed,
  If all the wise and good,
Of tribulation stood in need,
  And that thou never should.
Yes, very strange, could we escape
  What our forefathers bore;
No, we must also in some shape
  Have trials, less or more.

Think it not strange, nor be afraid
  To part with your alloy;
To be with Christ partaker made
  In suffering as in joy.
The purging fire we pass through here
  Is but to make us meet
With Christ in glory to appear,
  And take in heaven our seat.

THE ENEMY DEATH.

A MONSTER of a hideous form,
Bearing a poisoned sting,
Came like a pestilence that's borne
Upon the wind's swift wing,
And over my lone soul, forlorn,
Did his huge shadow fling.

It was as if the heavens were
All covered by his shade,
And by him the surrounding air
Was damp and darksome made,
As I beneath his horrid stare
Lay trembling and afraid.

Which way soe'er I looked for flight,
Escape could not be found;
Upon my left, upon my right,
By day he kept the ground;
And brooding over me by night,
He did my bed surround.

Nought I could do to make him flee,
Could fright my cruel foe:
Just as the horrid shark at sea
Will in the ship's track go,
So did this spectre follow me,
And filled my soul with woe.

E'en if I sought the calm retreat
By woodland, or sea-shore,
Just as the shadow at my feet
The phantom went before ;
So that the scenes which once were sweet,
Could yield me peace no more.

The smile was banished from my cheek,
And care sat on my brow ;
Those with whom once I loved to meet,
I cared not to meet now ;
And respite from my woe to seek
I knew not where, nor how.

Oft was I tempted to despair,
(God knows that I speak true,)
And when to him I poured a prayer,
It seemed not to pierce through
The stifling, soul-depressing air,
Which daily denser grew.

Thus with my foe by night and day
Awhile I seemed alone,
With only just the power to pray
The prayer that's in a groan ;
Till I bethought me of the way
The haunted Job was prone.

And Israel's Psalmist, too, I read,
Had trod this path before;
And as I read, my terrors fled—
Fled to return no more;
And brightening light from heaven was shed
Where darkness reigned before.

Full soon with his refulgent ray,
Heaven's righteous Sun arose;
And by his presence drove away
This frightful foe of foes,
And gave me such a blissful day
The Christian only knows.

Now did the Sun of Righteousness
So gloriously shine;
And with such light and comfort bless
This happy soul of mine;
That nothing did my heart possess,
But peace and joy divine.

The King of terrors could not fright
My now enraptured soul;
A flood of heavenly-healing light
Had made my spirit whole;
And streams of comfort day and night
Did through my bosom roll.

The Lord of lords, and King of kings
Most tenderly did spread
His healing, loving-kindly wings
All o'er my heart and head,
And in that day all earthly things
To me were as if dead.

I looked upon the monster now,
But could not see his sting;
A smile seemed seated on his brow,
And brightened was his wing;
For Christ, it seemed to me, somehow,
Did glory o'er him fling.

And now I felt that I could kiss
Him I so feared before,
Because to glory and to bliss
He openeth the door:
And he shall loose my soul from this,
To fly to yonder shore.

THIS IS NOT YOUR REST.

WHAT numerous springs of woe
Rise in the Christian's breast;
And God permits them, this to shew,
That earth is not our rest.

We would all cares remove,
But Wisdom deems it best,
That we should feel them, thus to prove,
That this is not our rest.

We must while here we stay
Have sorrow for our guest;
Or far from God our souls would stray,
And make this world our rest.

If we could live below,
As in a feathered nest;
If all were ease, we should not go
In search of heavenly rest.

But blessèd be the Lord,
Though here at times distrest,
In trouble he doth help afford,
And he will give us rest.

Beyond this world of care,
Our souls for ever blest,
Shall in the heavenly mansions there
Enjcy eternal rest.

GREATLY AFFLICTED.

GREATLY afflicted,
Weary and sad;
Deeply dejected,
Mournfully clad;
Broken in spirit,
Turn I to thee;
Look in compassion,
Saviour, on me.

Greatly afflicted,
But by thy hand
Held up, supported,
By thee I stand;
I shall not stumble,
I shall not fall,
Thus on thee leaning;
Jesus, my All.

Greatly afflicted,
But thou art nigh,
Constantly watching
Me with thine eye;
As the refiner
Melteth the ore,
Just to refine it,
That and no more.

Greatly afflicted,
But thou dost say,
Strength shall be given
Just as the day;
Sweet is the promise,
And to rely
On thee, the faithful,
Firmly, I try.

Greatly afflicted,
But I depend
On thee entirely,
Heavenly Friend.
Full of compassion,
Object of love,
Praise, adoration,
Here and above.

Greatly afflicted,
So were the saints
In the past ages,
Cease then complaints;
Let not a murmur
Drop from thy lips;
They drank a cup full,
Thine are but sips.

Greatly afflicted,
Yet not again
May I be suffered
Once to complain:

Hence my self-pity,
Hence discontent,
Lost in the suffering
Christ underwent.

Greatly afflicted,
Now for a while;
Only a moment;
Soon shall the smile
Of the blest morning
Bathe me in light,
Banishing ever
Sorrow's dark night.

Greatly afflicted
Never again;
Never a sorrow,
Never a pain;
In that bright region
Never a tear;
Never the faintest
Shadow of fear.

All my affliction
Turned into joy;
Ended my mourning,
Purged my alloy;
Clothed in a garment
Spotless and white;
No more affliction,
No more night.

MAN'S BRIEF LIFE.

FROM his stupendous height
The sun down-poureth light,
And shineth still as bright
As at his birth;
And his companions all,
The glistening stars, let fall
Their light on earth.

Ages on ages fly,
Yet planets float on high,
And whirling through the sky
Their orbits fill;
As when first launched in space
They entered on their race,
So speed they still.

The earth though full of years,
And shedding dewy tears,
As youthfully appears,
Clothed in rich green;
And decked with flowers as gay
As on her natal day:
No change is seen.

The sea with deafening roar,
Still lashes the old shore;
And rolls on as of yore,
Resistlessly;

With unabated power,
Still vigorous to this hour,
Lives the deep sea.

But him, whom man we call,
The noblest work of all,
How quickly doth he fall;
Falls as a leaf,
Just like that leaf to die,
And there decaying lie;
Ah, life how brief!

Alas, that life's short day
Passes so soon away!
Nor will for mortals stay,
Nor slack his speed:
Alas, that man so soon
Must change for night his noon!
Alas, indeed!

But not death's dismal cave,
The dark repulsive grave,
Can hold him as a slave;
His soul set free,
Wingeth its happy flight,
To bathe in heavenly light,
Eternally.

And faith assures the heart,
That e'en man's mortal part

Shall from its slumber start;
As beauteous flies,
Once crawling on the earth,
Rise to a glorious birth,
So man shall rise.

THE MOWER DEATH.

I SAW a mower mow a field,
His heart was light and blithe;
While countless, beauteous flowers did yield
To each sweep of his scythe.

Though stricken at his feet they lay,
Yet he breathed not a sigh,
That those bright blossoms still so gay
Should in full vigour die.

To me it seemed so very sad,
That they so soon should fade,
That they should perish, ere they had
Their beauty half displayed.

But from them rose such rich perfume,
Such fragrancy refined,
I half rejoiced to lose the bloom
Which left such sweet behind.

While thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
And sighed the sad Alas!
A secret voice this lesson taught,
"All flesh is as the grass."

And then I thought of flowers once mine,
To me of priceless worth,
Who still around my heart entwine,
Though long removed from earth.

As one by one I saw those flowers,
My precious buds decay,
How wearily my saddened hours
In sorrow passed away.

But still their virtues from the tomb
To some delight give birth;
For precious is the sweet perfume
Their memory leaves on earth.

And I believe those flowerets fair
In heavenly gardens grow;
Decked in perennial splendour there,
Unguessed by us below.

I therefore wipe away the tear,
And try to be resigned,
Hoping I shall in heaven appear,
And there my flowerets find.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED.

I'VE seen the wicked oft prevail,
  Plotting against the just;
And seen the honest-hearted fail,
  In God who put his trust;
And often heard the good man wail
  Down-trodden in the dust.

Not always while upon the earth
  Hath virtue its reward,
For malice often giveth birth
  To slander's poisoned sword;
And oft on men of greatest worth,
  Are woes abundant poured.

The Prophet knew God must be right,
  Yet could not understand,
Why men by force of money-might,
  Should rule with iron hand;
Why good men lived in such sad plight,
  And wicked men so grand.

The Psalmist, too, was sorely vexed
  To see bad men succeed;
It was to him a knotty text,
  Most difficult to read:
He reeled and staggered so perplext,
  He almost fell, indeed.

My steps like his have almost gone,
My faith been well-nigh quenched,
To see the good man sit forlorn,
By waves of sorrow drenched—
To see from right the portion torn,
By wrong and outrage wrenched.

But just and holy are God's ways,
Though dim to our poor sight;
As out of reach of human gaze
Are planets shining bright;
And suns which pour through space their rays
In floods of glorious light.

For though we cannot comprehend
What God may now permit,
We on his goodness may depend,
That if he seeth fit
To bless our foe and try our friend,
He reason has for it.

Yes! what may now all dark appear
To our imperfect gaze,
As a dense cloud away shall clear,
Leaving the heavens ablaze
With light divine our souls to cheer
By life-reviving rays.

And we have promise we shall know,
What we do not know now,
Hereafter God will plainly shew,
In strictest justice, how
He will the unjust fill with woe,
The just with peace endow.

We see but dimly here, at best,
We only know in part,
But there remains a sacred rest
For those of upright heart,
Where they no more shall be opprest,
Nor pierced by slander's dart.

THE FLESH IS WEAK.

O WHY is my heart
So ready to start, [depart?
And shrink at the thought that I soon must
What have I below
Which fixes me so,
And makes me still cling to this valley of woe?

Here sorrow and pain,
Abundant I gain;
O why then so anxious on earth to remain,
Where tears are the meat
So often I eat; [sweet?
And gall is my drink, though 'tis mingled with

I love to be still
And welcome his will,
Who does what he does some wise purpose to fill;
But still though I seek
To be passive and meek,
And find my mind willing, the flesh is still weak.

O may I be taught,
And perfectly brought,
To be as submissive and meek as I ought!
And when he says die,
Be this my reply,
Thy will be done, Father, but be to me nigh.

HOPE, AN ANCHOR.

THOUGH on life's ocean cast,
And borne before the blast,
I hope to reach at last
The land of peace.
Soon shall this sea be crossed
On which I now am tossed,
And sorrows cease.

Hope, anchor of my soul,
When billows roaring roll
As if death's knell they toll
On every side,
By thee securely held,
Until the storm is quelled,
I safely ride.

Without this hope, to be
Tossed on life's troublous sea,
What would become of me,
A bark so frail?
Driven to destruction fast,
Upon some breaker cast,
By the fierce gale.

Soon should I find a grave
Beneath the yawning wave,
The dismal, gloomy cave,
Of dark despair:

But while I hope possess,
No tempests which distress,
Shall sink me there.

Though on the very brink
Of danger, I may think
That I shall surely sink,
No more to rise;
Yet mounting the waves' crest,
I still the storm shall breast:
Hope never dies.

Yonder I see the shore,
Where tempests shall no more
Distress me by their roar;
There no more pain:
And soon I hope to land
Upon that golden strand,
That sunlit plain.

Angels will meet me there,
And fill the heavenly air
With songs of greeting, where,
All danger past,
The soul shall take its rest,
Of heavenly peace possest;
At home at last.

THE USE OF TROUBLE.

SWEET from bitter, light from darkness,
  Good from evil, God can bring;
Over all the clouds of sorrow,
  He a glorious light can fling:
Walking on the angry waters,
  Jesus Christ is often seen;
Thus the rolling waves of trouble,
  Messengers of peace have been.

Prayers of saints are often answered
  By some trying providence;
God unto our faith appearing,
  Not unto our sight and sense:
The believer thus discovers,
  He is foolish—God is wise:
Man is born to pain as surely
  As the sparks will upward rise.

Seek not then, my soul, a pathway
  Pleasing to the carnal mind;
Ask for grace that in the roughest,
  Thou mayest peace and profit find;
Ask thy God that from the bitter,
  Sweet may come; and that the light
Issuing from the clouds of darkness,
  Shew you how that all is right.

SEARCHINGS OF HEART.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart," &c.
PSALM cxxxix. 23.

TO THE SOUL.

SOUL, mysterious part of me,
Born to live eternally;
Destined when this body dies,
When this mortal sinks to rise;
Say to what that destiny,
Happiness, or misery?

Fail not to examine well,
Whether 'tis to heaven or hell;
Whether 'tis to bliss or woe,
Thou art hastening onward so:
Ponder well, my soul, the thought,
With such awful interest fraught.

But a moment, and I may
End this life's important day;
And for ever from that date,
Fixed my sad or happy state;
Ah! the thought profoundly awes;
Pause, my soul! a moment pause.

Immortality sublime
If thou reach the heavenly clime;
Failing that, than death 'tis worse,
'Tis an everlasting curse:
Think, my soul, upon the brink
Of eternity, O think!

Vast eternity! how grand
If in heaven thou safely land;
Vast eternity! what woe
If thou to perdition go:
Art thou, soul, prepared for flight?
Death may summon thee this night.

A PENITENT'S CRY.

WHILE I, O Saviour, at thy feet,
Expose my heart to thee,
The sense of mercy I entreat,
Do thou impart to me.

Thy sacred word declares that thou
Didst die, the lost to save:
A penitent before thee now,
I humbly mercy crave.

I own that I a sinner am,
But may I hear thee say,
That thou, the sin-atoning Lamb,
Hast borne my sin away.

Where can a sinner such as I
For shelter safely flee?
O where for succour can I fly,
Dear Saviour, but to thee?

If thou refuse to hear my cry,
I surely perish must;
But wilt thou suffer one to die,
In thee who puts his trust?

O smile upon me, gracious Lord,
And lovingkindness shew;
Though I confess my just reward
Would be in endless woe!

Thou, who in mercy dost delight,
Canst not ungracious be;
Thou wilt not banish from thy sight
One who believes in thee.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

PREPARE, my soul, prepare,
The living God to meet;
Go, and thy sinfulness declare,
Before the mercy-seat.

The blood of Jesus plead,
To cleanse thee from thy sin;
His righteousness is all ye need,
To make thee pure within.

Thus washed and sanctified,
Though still in self defiled,
God will declare thee justified,
And own thee as his child.

FLESH AND SPIRIT.

THERE is a spirit dwells in me,
Which loves the dear Redeemer more
Than all my longing eyes can see,
Or flesh can crave of earthly store.

What are the sweets which nature yields?
They all are perishing at best;
But in the ways of Christ are fields
Of pleasantness, and peace, and rest.

O there are times when I, indeed,
To follow Christ would part with all;
And trusting he for me did bleed,
Account the sacrifice but small!

But ah! there dwells within me, too,
A principle which pains my breast;
Which rather would earth's pleasures woo,
Than seek the way which leads to rest.

Hence that incessant, bitter strife,
Which daily causes me such pain:
Spirit and flesh contend for life,
And will contend till flesh is slain.

THE VOICE OF THE DEPARTED YEAR.

HARK! 'tis the voice of time,
Sounds like a trumpet's blast,
Telling mankind in every clime
Another year is past.

From our few fleeting years,
Another now has gone;
How short on earth the time appears,
Of all of woman born.

As the dead leaves bestrewn
Upon the ground we tread,
Soon shall we all, how very soon,
Be numbered with the dead.

While time which passeth thus,
Lays thousands 'neath the sod,
A voice still calleth unto us,
Prepare to meet thy God!

In youth, or in our prime,
Our blighted health may sink,
And death may seize us at a time
When we but little think.

Lord, teach us to be wise,
Our days to number so,
That death may not by dread surprise
Engulph our souls in woe.

CONFESSION.

GUILTY I fall before thy throne;
O Lord, my guilty fears remove;
My wanderings with shame I own,
And all thy chastisements approve.

It would have been my just reward,
Hadst thou consumed me in thine ire;
For I have merited, O Lord,
The vengeance of eternal fire.

Thousands, not guiltier than I,
Thou hast in justice smitten down,
And now despairingly they lie
Beneath thine everlasting frown.

But thou hast suffered long with me,
Amidst my God-provoking ways:
What shall I render unto thee,
Thou worthy object of my praise?

Thou needest not man's sacrifice,
Else would I give it unto thee;
The broken spirit thou dost prize,
And thou hast given this to me.

This, all thine own, I offer up,
Not trusting my sincerest frame;
I take salvation's mingled cup,
Still calling on thy hallowed name.

LOST PEACE LAMENTED.

O THAT I were as in months past,
In days when God preserved me!
When thou, my Lord, wert first and last,
And with delight I served thee.

Ah! blissful days, alas! no more,
When all thy ways were pleasant;
I mourn the past, and I deplore
The cold, unfruitful present.

I think upon the days gone by,
Till I am filled with sorrow;
And often heave a heavy sigh
For the unborn to-morrow.

O Lord, these bitter musings fill
My troubled soul with sadness;
But yet I hope thy goodness will
Restore my heart to gladness.

Though desolate I find my heart,
Thou knowest that I fear thee;
I would be ever where thou art,
I would be ever near thee.

THE WANDERING HEART.

BEHOLD, O Lord, that I am vile
I own myself to be;
Too easily can sin beguile,
And draw my heart from thee.

Sin and the world and Satan too
Unitedly agree,
With winning words my heart to woo,
And draw it, Lord, from thee.

The secret evil of my breast,
Which thou alone canst see,
How does it rob me of my rest,
And draw my heart from thee.

And when I fall before thy throne,
Upon the bended knee,
I often have with shame to own
It draws my heart from thee.

Lord, keep every day and hour
From sin's dominion free;
Let not its subtle, hated power
So draw my heart from thee.

That sin by me be more abhorred,
Be more denied by me;
O draw thou nearer to me, Lord,
And keep me near to thee!

LOVEST THOU ME?

LOVEST thou me? I hear thee ask,
O Saviour, and I sigh!
Yet have I pleasure in the task,
Of framing a reply.
I search my heart and actions well,
My motives too I see,
Yet must I say the truth to tell,
Jesus, I do love thee.

I have dishonoured thee, I own,
With deep relenting heart;
My sins have made thy Spirit groan,
Piercing thee as a dart;
Thou well mayst put the question thrice,
And yet again to me;
But still, O Pearl of greatest price,
Jesus, I do love thee.

I love thee more than earthly good,
Of whatsoever kind,
And willingly for thee I would
Leave all I love behind;
The objects dearer to my heart,
Than life itself to me,
Saviour, for thee with them I'd part,
Jesus, I do love thee.

Thee, righteous, precious, spotless One,
I do sincerely love;
For all which thou on earth hast done,
And doing art above;
I love thy name, thy righteousness,
Thy blood my only plea;
But feebly, faintly I express,
Jesus, how I love thee.

CAN IT BE?

Is it so, O God of grace,
Is my heart thy dwelling-place?
Can it be thou art in me?
Can it be, I am in thee?

O it seemeth all too much
For believing, that in such
As myself, so deeply stained,
Thou hast ever lived and reigned!

Yet I know there has a change,
Great, mysterious, and strange,
Revolutionised the whole
Of the cravings of my soul.

This new power which in me moves,
This thy inward kingdom proves;
Lord, my heart I worthless own,
Yet believe it is thy throne.

THE OLD AND NEW HEART.

ALAS! my heart
How sad a part
To my distress 'tis ever playing;
Though often I
With fervent cry
For heart sincere and pure am praying.

In youthful days
What evil ways
It always was with zeal devising;
Ah! spring of woe,
Too sad I know,
Too sorely see its bitter rising.

O darkened cell
Wherein doth dwell
Deceit and envy, malice, slaughter!
Polluted fount
From whence doth mount
Corrupted streams of poisoned water.

But be adored
Thy name, O Lord,
Who a new, upright heart hath given;
Which sin abhors,
Which loves thy laws,
And thirsteth after thee and heaven.

O sacred flame
(New heart its name)
Within my quickened soul ignited!
Whose hallowed fire,
Of pure desire,
God ever looks upon delighted.

New life indeed!
A holy seed:
Immortal plant of God's own sowing,
Strike down thy roots,
Send forth thy shoots,
And ever heavenward still be growing.

Sweet well within,
Rise over sin,
And into endless life be springing;
That sin suppressed,
Within my breast,
May not prevail, though to me clinging.

Fountain of bliss,
My prayer is this:
Great God, who every good createth,
Teach me to choose,
Or to refuse,
Whate'er thou lovest, or thou hateth!

THE DEPARTING AND COMING YEAR.

'Tis hastening off with rapid flight,
Nor I its exit can deplore;
Nor would detain another night,
This year of Eighteen-sixty-four.

What thousands with us at its birth
Are living now with us no more!
But buried in the mother earth,
This year of Eighteen-sixty-four.

How many at its opening scene
Were happy; now with conscience sore,
Would gladly they had never seen
This year of Eighteen-sixty-four.

Ah! many will in days to come,
When memory counts their sorrows o'er,
While by emotion stricken dumb,
Weep over Eighteen-sixty-four.

Yes, many an eye suffused with tears,
And broken heart, to heal no more,
Shall think of thee in future years,
As bitter Eighteen-sixty-four.

But stop, ere we for ever part
Old year, let me an offering pour,
And bless my God with thankful heart,
This year of Eighteen-sixty-four.

Farewell old year, thy race is o'er,
The end of all things must arrive;
Exit old Eighteen-sixty-four;
Enter new Eighteen-sixty-five.

And now by many mercies here
Surrounded, and still kept alive;
In hope I greet this new-born year,
The year of Eighteen-sixty-five.

All hail to us unknown as yet!
Into thy mysteries who would dive?
Rather we would past pains forget
In hopeful Eighteen-sixty-five.

O keep me, Lord, throughout this year;
And help me, while I daily strive
To walk in secret filial fear,
This year of Eighteen-sixty-five.

ETERNITY.

If every leaf on all the trees
Could reckoned be by due degrees;
If of the grass each blade by blade,
A calculation could be made;
If all the sand upon the shore
Could possibly be counted o'er,
And all together numbered be,
They would not tell eternity.

DESIRING TO BE RIGHT.

Now from the world's discordant hum,
The strife of tongues, away
I turn me, and to thee I come,
In secret, Lord, to pray.

What man may only seem to be,
O thou who holy art!
Can never once prevail with thee,
Who looketh at the heart.

How many of religion talk,
And think exceeding well,
Who yet according to their walk,
Seem moving on to hell.

O gracious God, forbid that I
Should rest on word or show!
On this alone would I rely,
Thee savingly to know.

O make me right, and keep me right,
Whate'er the cost may be!
For true religion in my sight
Is worth the world to me.

THE LACK OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

LORD, tell me wherefore 'tis I see
Thy chosen people disagree;
They who are brethren surely should
Be to each other kind and good.

But ah! instead of this we find,
So few are one in heart and mind;
Contentions half their time employ,
And sweet communion few enjoy.

Anger and malice (poisoned fruit),
Spring from contention's bitter root;
And brethren who should dwell in peace,
To love each other seem to cease.

Where is the love of which we read,
(O grace to be desired indeed!)
When on the apostles' neck they fell,
And, weeping, kissed a fond farewell?

The righteous man might now depart,
And few would lay his death to heart;
So lukewarm has thy Zion grown,
That mutual love is little known.

Alas, alas! with cool replies,
And keen suspicion in their eyes;
As foes too many seem to live,
O Lord, this monstrous sin forgive.

If with warm heart and friendly hand,
Thy saints obeyed thy sweet command,
How pleasantly would brethren meet,
How gladly one another greet.

O Lord, remember Zion still,
Thy chosen, thy delightful hill;
Constrain thy children to agree,
To walk in love and unity.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Is there in this soul of mine
Deeply-seated life divine?
Have I in my heart the root
Which produces heavenly fruit?

Soul, beware whereon ye trust,
Cleave ye not unto the dust;
Build ye not upon the sand,
Try the ground whereon ye stand.

Soon the message will be heard,
Soon will sound the solemn word,
With a hollow voice and stern,
Dust unto thy dust return.

O my God, my heart prepare,
Give the certain witness there;
Give the light, the life, the power
Which will fit me for that hour.

PRAYER OF THE HEART.

"I cried unto thee with my whole heart."
PSALM cxix. 145.

LET US PRAY.

WITH each opening day before us,
With life's dangers full in view;
And when night is closing o'er us,
Knowing night has dangers too;
Whether waking, or when sleeping,
By the night, or by the day,
To our gracious God for keeping,
Let us pray.

What may meet us ere to-morrow,
What new trouble may arise,
What addition to our sorrow,
God has hidden from our eyes:
Hidden wisely, for sufficient
Is the evil of to-day;
To the good, the great Omniscient,
Let us pray.

And should danger overtake us,
Let us not yield to despair;
May afflictions but awake us,
To a fervency in prayer;
Though the waves of life's wild ocean
Will not our command obey,
Yet amidst the dire commotion,
Let us pray.

One there is, for ever near us,
  One who needeth not to sleep;
He will through the tempest steer us,
  He will guide us through the deep:
As the Cloud he hovers o'er us,
  To protect us by the way;
As the Light he goes before us;
  Let us pray.

As a servant for direction,
  Listens to his lord's command;
As an infant for protection,
  Trusts alone its parent's hand:
So to God, our wise dictator,
  Let us listen and obey;
To our Father, our Creator,
  Let us pray.

For that teaching which will make us
  Meet to be the heirs of light;
For that leading which will take us
  Safe to heaven's exalted height;
For the grace to walk uprightly
  All along our pilgrim way,
That our lamps be burning brightly,
  Let us pray.

CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

HOLY Father, God of love!
  Holy, well-belovèd Son!
Holy, heavenly, sacred Dove!
  Infinite, eternal One!
By thy presence, God of grace,
Come and consecrate this place.

Manifest thyself to us,
  Tender mercy now display;
Holy Lord, be with us thus,
  Chasing every cloud away;
In the riches of thy grace,
Come and consecrate this place.

Come and with thy favour crown,
  Come and clothe thy word with power;
Come and pour thy blessing down,
  Like a rich, reviving shower:
Here that we thy steps may trace,
Come and consecrate this place.

MERCY, SPARE.

SPARE a sinner, mercy, spare;
Justice to inflict forbear;
Pardon a repenting one,
Through the merits of thy Son.

Shouldst thou judge me by thy law,
Thou thy flaming sword must draw;
But forgiveness is with thee,
O be merciful to me!

In thy word of truth I read,
And that word I humbly plead,
Christ will to the utmost save,
All who his salvation crave.

That salvation to obtain,
I would count my greatest gain;
What is all this world to me,
If I have not peace with thee!

Speak, that I thy words may hear,
Words which shall allay my fear;
Mercy speak, and cause thy voice
Over judgment to rejoice.

FOR A CHRIST-LIKE SPIRIT.

JESUS, I desire to be
Ever more and more like thee;
Yet, alas! I daily find
In my flesh another mind.

Hateful things which I detest,
Have a place within my breast;
To me they are an offence,
Yet I cannot drive them hence.

Give me, Saviour, give me grace,
These heart-evils to displace;
Grace against all sin to fight;
Strengthened by thy Spirit's might.

Teach me, Lord, to do thy will;
From all evil keep me still;
Lest the paths of peace I leave,
Lest thy Spirit I should grieve.

In thine image I would grow;
Christ, thy spirit I would shew;
Meek and lowly I would be,
Ever growing more like thee.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

FORSAKE me not, O God of power,
In dark temptation's evil hour;
O Light of Life, be thou my guide,
When snares are spread on every side.

Forsake me not when swelling grief
Can get from creatures no relief;
Let not my aching heart in vain
Seek heavenly soothing of its pain.

Forsake me not when friends depart,
Leaving me desolate of heart;
When earthly comforts take their flight,
Be with me in that dreary night.

Forsake me not, my foes are strong,
I cannot stand against them long;
I am not equal to the fight,
When these against me all unite.

Forsake me not, for I am weak,
Thy helping hand alone I seek;
To thee alone, O Friend Divine,
I dare entrust this soul of mine.

Forsake me not when nature fails,
When health declines and fear prevails,
When life appears as ebbing fast;
Sustain me, Saviour, to the last.

Forsake me not when the last foe
Shall aim his sure and deadly blow;
That I supported by thy power,
May nothing fear in that dark hour.

Forsake me not, thy blessing give,
And I contentedly shall live;
The confidence that thou art nigh,
Is all I ask when called to die.

THE PRAYER OF NEED.

As one hungry asks for bread,
Nature's need to satisfy,
So, Lord, let my soul be fed,
Or I famishing must die.

As for help the drowning cries,
Hoping to be brought to land,
So to thee I lift mine eyes,
Watching for thy helping hand.

As the guilty pardon craves,
So I mercy seek from thee;
Thine alone the grace which saves,
O be merciful to me!

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

O THOU, who didst thy people guide
Through the waste wilderness;
Who didst for them the waves divide,
When they were in distress;
Who by the ever-present Cloud
Didst shield them night and day,
When Pharaoh with his host had vowed
To make them all his prey:

O thou, who able art to make
The thickest darkness light,
Order the steps which I shall take,
And all will then be right:
If thou wilt my Director be,
Pointing my pathway out,
I cheerfully will follow thee
Without distrust or doubt.

And when I hesitate to move,
It is because I fear
Thou mayest not the steps approve,
Which right to me appear:
For, O my Lord, I would not go
In what is not thy way;
Thy holy will I seek to know,
And knowing, to obey.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE SOUGHT.

BE with me, Lord, amidst the strife,
The din and bustle of this life,
That I by thy paternal care
May be protected everywhere.

Be with me on affliction's waves,
My soul thy presence humbly craves,
For with thee on the troubled sea
All will serene and peaceful be.

Be with me whatsoe'er befal,
To sanctify my sorrows all,
To give support beneath each cross,
To comfort under every loss.

Be with me when I suffer pain,
My troubled, tempted soul sustain,
That I thy child may meekly bear
The grief allotted as my share.

Be with me that I murmur not,
Whatever be my earthly lot,
That I possess a frame of mind
To all thy heavenly will, resigned.

Be with me till my race is run,
Till all my earthly work is done,
And then be to thy servant nigh,
That I in peace may calmly die.

CHANGED.

JESUS, while such hosts despise thee,
I (no better than are they)
Am through mercy brought to prize thee,
As to heaven the only way.

I thy word denied, rejected,
When I lived a child of wrath;
Now that word believed, respected,
Is the lamp which lights my path.

Once I lived without thee, careless,
Now I seek thee day by day;
Now the heart which once was prayerless,
Doth to thee sincerely pray.

Time was when I sought my pleasure,
Saviour, in displeasing thee;
Now on earth I know no treasure,
Valued as thy will by me.

Saviour, trusting to thy keeping,
I would live while life shall last;
Hoping to be ever reaping
Joy with thee when time is past.

SECRET PRAYER.

ON the world I shut the door,
  Falling on the bended knee,
Father, I thy grace implore,
  Thou who dost in secret see,
  O reward me openly!

Now I tell thee all my heart,
  Fearing not a creature's ear,
Father, who in heaven art,
  Be to me, thy creature, near;
  Hear my supplication, hear.

Not by worth of act or word
  Shall my prayer accepted rise;
Here by human ears unheard,
  Now unseen by mortal eyes;
  See my tears and hear my sighs.

Here thy presence now to feel,—
  While with reverence on the floor
I before thee, Father, kneel,
  With the closed and fastened door,—
  Is the favour I implore.

HEART DEVOTION.

FROM the heart be my confession,
God of mercy, breathed to thee;
Be it but the felt expression
Of my deep humility.

From the heart my prayer ascending,
Utterance of my soul's felt need;
As with godly sorrow blending,
Let the fervent prayer succeed.

From the heart my praises flowing,
May they, Lord, accepted rise,
As the incense, sweet and glowing,
Through the Saviour's sacrifice.

On my heart as dew distilling,
Let thy words of promise drop;
With new life my bosom filling,
Like a field's reviving crop.

To my heart thy love revealing,
As to one forgiven much;
On my heart assurance sealing
By thy secret, sacred touch.

In my heart with wishes swelling,
Wishes which to thee aspire,
Come and consecrate thy dwelling,
Thus fulfilling my desire.

THE HEAVENLY RACE.

HOLY Father, through thy Son,
By thy Blessèd Spirit,
Help us so thy ways to run
That we life inherit.

Many start upon the race,
Swift at the beginning,
But how few with steady pace
Seem intent on winning.

O may we with steadfast eye
Still the prize be viewing,
While we pass earth's trifles by,
The heavenly course pursuing!

Strengthen us that we may feel
Power within and o'er us,
Still to prosecute with zeal
The race set before us.

Whatsoever press us down,
Help us still to bear it;
Hoping to obtain the crown,
Till in heaven we wear it.

TEACH ME TO DO THY WILL.

TEACHER of all thy children, who
Desire on earth thy will to do;
That will whatever it may be,
Help me to do as well as see.

Teach me the fight of faith, to fight,
To wield the Spirit-sword aright;
Help me to well employ my shield,
Nor ever to the tempter yield.

Teach me thy truth in every part,
Engrave it deeply in my heart;
And help me constant proof to give,
Of love to thee, by how I live.

Teach me the way which I should go
In every step I take below;
Help me to live each day, as I
Would fain be found when called to die.

THE HALLOWED NAME.

THY great name all-hallowed be,
Infinite, eternal!
Ever when I worship thee
On thy throne, supernal.

Nature's great Creator, thou
Only uncreated,
Majesty of heaven, I bow
By the presence weighted.

Oh! I reverence thy name,
Now before thee bending;
Past and present thou the same
Unbegun—Unending.

Never be thy awful name
By me uttered lightly;
O for a becoming frame
To approach thee rightly!

Sweet the name, to me how dear,
By which I have known thee;
Father! I that name revere;
Holy Father, own me.

Though I am by sin defiled,
Pardon my behaviour;
Own me thy adopted child,
Through the precious Saviour.

Send thy Spirit down to make
My poor heart thy dwelling;
Till in heaven my seat I take,
There thy praises swelling.

There thy hallowed name to praise,
Ever and for ever:
There upon thy glory gaze,
Never tiring, never.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, who in heaven art,
Hallowed be thy name,
Fix thy kingdom in each heart,
Be thy will our aim.

Give us by the day our bread,
That we eat and live:
As in mercy's path we tread,
So our sins forgive.

Keep us from temptation's snare,
Never let us fall;
From all evil everywhere,
Lord, deliver all.

Thine's the kingdom and the power,
Thine the glory be,
Through each passing day and hour,
And eternally.
Amen.

DELIVER MY SOUL.

FROM every fierce wave
Which threateneth me,
Be gracious to save,
O God of the sea;
I fear they will reach me,
So near me they roll;
O Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

The tempest is wild,
O silence my fear!
Be near to thy child,
The billows are near;
I fear they will reach me,
For nearer they roll;
O Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

Around me they spread,
They rise, they expand;
O where shall I tread,
O how shall I stand?
They surely will reach me,
Still nearer they roll;
O Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

The waters of strife,
So angrily roar;
The peace of my life,
They sweep from this shore;
As now these waves reach me,
Lest o'er me they roll;
O Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

From every huge wave
Of life's troubled sea;
Almighty to save,
My refuge still be;
For now the waves reach me,
They over me roll;
Now Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

Speak, speak to this sea,
Its waters divide;
A way make for me,
Through this flooding tide:
I know thou canst reach me,
Whatever waves roll;
O Lord, I beseech thee,
Deliver my soul.

ABSENT ONES.

THAT we may not each day behold the faces
Of some to us so dear,
That distance such a gulf between us places,
Draws forth affection's tear.

We may not in the fondness of affection
Press on the cheek a kiss;
The providence which gives our steps direction,
To some denieth this.

But though we may not look upon them often,
This shall our comfort be:
That utterances, like music's strains which soften,
Come drifting o'er the sea.

Sweet blessing that the voice of love enwritten,
Can float across the main;
To cheer the heart, by fond home-sickness smitten,
As if once met again.

The eternal Father, ever wise and gracious,
May see it is most good,
In different and most distant lands to place us,
To seek from him our food.

Dear absent ones, be this our consolation,
Whatever be the name,
Whatever be the language of the nation,
'Tis God's earth all the same.

There is no land, from us however distant,
But God himself is there;
The infinite, eternal, self-existent
Beholds us everywhere.

No clouds, however they the mind may darken,
Can hide us from his eye;
No distance such but he to us will hearken
When unto him we cry.

Belovèd ones, to him we now commend you,
To him we breathe our prayer;
The Father of our mercies still defend you:
He who is everywhere.

Though separated far from one another,
In spirit we can greet,
And to the care of God commit each other,
While at his throne we meet.

There is with God no distance, strictly speaking,
For he is everywhere,
And we draw very near together, seeking
Each other's good by prayer.

Thus by the Holy Comforter's assistance
May we each coming day
In spirit meet, despite all earthly distance,
And with each other pray.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

WHEN sorrows various of kind,
When deep and anxious care,
Press heavily upon the mind,
Then is the time for prayer.

When dangers threaten all around,
And meet us everywhere,
And of escape no way is found,
Then is the time for prayer.

When foes pursue with deadly hate,
And friends (at all times rare)
In number and in warmth abate,
Then is the time for prayer.

When carried by a flood of fears,
And drifting to despair,
And yet no helping hand appears,
Then is the time for prayer.

When sickness wastes the mortal powers
With pains severe to bear,
And heavily drag the weary hours,
Then is the time for prayer.

When dimly burns life's dying lamp,
When pestilent the air,
When on the heart death's hand lies damp,
Then is the time for prayer.

At midnight, and at morning light,
Make me, O Lord, thy care;
And teach me every day and night,
That 'tis a time for prayer.

A HYMN BEFORE SERMON.

JEHOVAH above! Great Father of love;
Sweet Saviour of sinners; celestial Dove;
Our All and in All, upon thee we call,
While humbly in spirit before thee we fall.

O now let thy word, with power be heard,
That souls from their slumbering state may be stirred;
Let thy quickening breath, awaken from death,
Souls dead in their sin, as thy holy word saith!

In thy holy name, thy word to proclaim,
To sinners undone, is thy servant's great aim;
To ease the opprest, to give the soul rest;
To comfort the mourner, the message be blest.

O Lord, let it be, a message from thee,
A message some sin-fettered captive to free;
Let not return void, the means now employed;
Thy word wound the sinner, by saints be enjoyed.

THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

A FAITHFUL servant of the Lord,
Has finished his career;
Death has untied the silver cord
Which bound his spirit here.

Freed as a prisoner from his cell,
His joyful spirit soared
To yonder brighter world, to tell
The glories of his Lord.

With warmth of heart he spoke below
Of his Redeemer's love;
But never could express it so,
As now he can above.

Safe is his blood-washed soul, and just,
And free from every stain;
Safe till the rising morn his dust,
Then to revive again.

We bless his memory, and we pray,
That he who gave us breath,
And has preserved us to this day,
Will keep us until death.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON THE COMPLETION OF MY SIXTIETH YEAR.

How swiftly mortal life appears
To wing itself away!
How soon have fled the sixty years
Which I complete to-day!

In the blithe days of hopeful youth,
When all things lasting seem,
How difficult to grasp the truth,
That life is as a dream!

It seems, as life's hill we ascend,
Long ere we reach its top;
But as a torrent we descend,
Whose course no power can stop.

Dost thou, O earth, with swifter spin,
Upon thine axis move,
Than in days past, that I begin
The hours so short to prove?

Dost thou in haste thine orbit run,
With ever-quickening speed,
That so my years one after one,
Fly by like swiftest steed?

Or is it that we just grow wise,
When our life's race is run;
And light just breaks upon our eyes,
With our life's setting sun?

That so it seems my life is spent,
Ere I am well aware;
And days and years which came and went,
Seem only to declare—

They pass as swift ships on the main—
Pass as the eagle's flight—
Pass as the rushing, special train—
Pass as the vivid light.

THE VANITY OF FAME.

O VANITY extreme in man,
To spend a life in search of fame!
He can but gather in his span,
The empty honours of a name:
How happier he, with heart sincere,
Who, earnest, seeks his God to know;
Declares himself a pilgrim here,
In search of bliss unknown below:
He shall obtain a crown of life,
When earthly honours fade away,
Far from this present scene of strife,
To wear in realms of endless day:
A prince in that blest mansion there,
A never-fading wreath to wear.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

As waters from the rocks descending,
Press onward deviously wending;
Now gently flow,
Meandering slow;
Now rush along,
Impetuous, strong,
In wild commotion,
To the ocean
Always tending.

So on life's stream are all men flowing,
Onward and downward surely going:
On gentle tide,
Some softly glide;
With sorrow torn,
Are others borne,
Plunging and crushing,
And fiercely rushing,
Where not knowing.

Swiftly or slowly still descending,
Soon shall we reach the river's ending,
Entering the sea,
Eternity;
Leaving earth's shore
For evermore:
All the long ever,
Changeable never,
How then spending?

PREMATURE BLOSSOM.

BORN to be blighted,
Premature bloom;
Only respited,
Fixed is thy doom;
Thou comest too early,
Though sunny the day;
Thy petals so pearly,
Must wither away:
Ah! beautiful blossom, too lovely, too fair,
Too tender to live long in this chilling air.

Even so mortals
Entering this world,
Met at its portals,
Backward are hurled;
Bright buds which soon wither
By sin's poisoned breath,
Cut down and borne hither
By merciless death.
Alas! for affection how is the earth strewn
With lovely ones blighted like blossoms so soon!

PLEASURE IN SOLITUDE.

FAR from the great Metropolis,
Its bustle and its strife;
How sweet, how pleasurable this
Secluded, quiet life.

Above my head the skylark flies,
And sings and upward soars;
Beneath my feet the ocean lies,
And on the shingle roars.

Health borne upon the fresh, pure breeze,
Comes floating o'er the sea;
And balmy breath of flowers and trees,
New vigour gives to me.

The weight which sorely on me pressed,
Seems lifted from my brain;
A freer air inflates my breast;
My limbs are lithe again.

How dear this solitude to me!
I feel no sense of gloom:
Soft sounds I hear, fair sights I see,
And smell the rich perfume.

Dear, ever dear the scenes to me,
Which health and peace impart;
And draw, Creator, up to thee,
In thankfulness the heart.

BEAUTY FADES.

Too soon the charming loveliness of May
Passeth away;
And beauteous blossoms lying all around
Bestrew the ground,
Reminding us that beauty must decay.

So is youth's lovely morn, alas, too soon
Grown into noon!
And noon too rapidly to death's cold night,
Swift is life's flight;
Like to the waning of the pallid moon.

But though the tender-tinted blossoms all
Must fade and fall,
Yet rich, delicious, ripened fruit succeeds;
So virtuous deeds
May live like fruit on a decaying wall.

And though youth's beauty must so soon, alas,
Fade as the grass,
Yet may it spring again in heaven, where,
In form more fair,
All mortal beauty it shall far surpass!

INDEX.

	PAGE
A chastened child I come to thee	99
A faithful servant of the Lord	184
A monster of a hideous form	124
Alas! my heart	154
Amidst the troubled sea of life	4
Around the sun	13
Art thou, brother, persecuted	62
As one hungry asks for bread	168
As waters from the rocks descending	187
Be with me, Lord, amidst the strife	170
Beautiful sights the saints behold	78
Behind the clouds the glorious sun	66
Behold, O Lord, that I am vile	151
Better country, far away	10
Born to be blighted	188
Brother in the path of sorrow	44
By faith on thee relying	106
Come! Come! Come! Come!	116
Come to the Saviour, ye who see	35
Dark as is midnight without thee	22
Dearest Saviour, I will give	177

PAGE

Death was a terror once to me 11
Delightful, peaceful, calm retreat . . . 12
Dove-like Spirit rest on me 105

Ever dear and loving Saviour 92

Far from the great Metropolis 189
Father, who in heaven art 177
Fellow-sinner, come to Jesus 38
Forsake me not, O God of power . . . 167
From every fierce wave 178
From his stupendous height 132
From the heart be my confession . . . 173

God, who did his people bless 61
Greatly afflicted 129
Guilty I fall before thy throne 149

Hail! the hour of dissolution 86
Hark! 'tis the voice of time 148
Hark! what accents tender 57
Hear the rod, it hath a voice 93
Ho! ye thirsty, every one 36
Holy Father, God of love 164
Holy Father, through thy Son 174
Holy, hallowed day of rest 80
How sad and dejected I feel 31
How swiftly mortal life appears . . . 185

I saw a mower mow a field 134
I shall not err, if thou my heavenly light . . 40

PAGE

I will not murmur howsoever sore . . . 90
If an angel standeth by me 17
If every leaf on all the trees 157
If I believe my Father's eye 30
If I truly fear the Lord 56
If man had only hope in life 33
Into thy hands, my Father 101
Is it so, O God of grace 153
Is there in this soul of mine 160
It is thy hand, my Father 94
I've seen the wicked oft prevail . . . 136

Jehovah above! Great Father of love . . 183
Jesus, hearken to me now 75
Jesus, I desire to be 166
Jesus, my Saviour, I adore 72
Jesus was a man of grief 25
Jesus, while such hosts despise thee . . 171

Lord, a pilgrim worn and weary . . . 111
Lord, I thy great goodness bless . . . 87
Lord, I would be chastened, rather . . . 98
Lord, tell me wherefore 'tis I see . . . 159
Lost and ruined and undone 27
Lovest thou me? I hear thee ask . . . 152

My God! I wandered from thee in my youth . 81

No! I am not offended, Lord 97
Not a sorrow can befal 41

PAGE

Now from the world's discordant hum . . 158
Now ready to depart 5

O believer, dost thou fret 20
O for the wings of a dove 104
O Jesus, if I love thee so 71
O my Lord, I long to slumber . . . 109
O that I were as in months past . . . 150
O the peace, and O the calm 15
O thou in whom is all my trust . . . 32
O thou in whose most holy sight . . . 100
O thou, who didst thy people guide . . . 169
O vanity extreme in man 186
O what would this world be without thee . 29
O why is my heart 139
On the world I shut the door 172

Peace we have with God through Jesus . . 3
Peace! where is it, where may I . . . 9
Precious promise, God is able 49
Prepare, my soul, prepare 146
Purity and nothing less 114

Rejoicing in the Lord 73
Richer than the miser far 8

Sacred secret, sweet to know 6
Saviour, when my heart sadly sinks . . . 65
Sinful, my Saviour, though I am . . . 37
Son of God, for sinners given 83
Soul, mysterious part of me 144

PAGE

Spare a sinner, mercy, spare 165
Sweet from bitter, light from darkness . . 142
Sweet the peace through Jesus flowing . . 2

Teacher of all thy children, who . . . 175
That we may not each day behold the faces . 180
The cup is not of unmixed woe . . . 64
The night is far spent 84
The word of God my guide shall be . . . 51
There is a spirit dwells in me 147
Think it not strange, believer, when . . . 122
Though on life's ocean cast 140
Though 'tis a dark, mysterious way . . . 63
Thy great name all-hallowed be . . . 176
Thy way, O God, is in the sea 59
Thy will be done, my Father, God . . . 91
Time on wings of lightning flying . . . 7
'Tis hastening off with rapid flight . . . 156
'Tis the God of my salvation 95
To be like thee, my Saviour, this desire . . 115
Too soon the charming loveliness of May . . 190
Touch thou my lips, O Lord, and I . . . 68

Unto thee, my Father 112

We praise the Father's love, who sent his Son . 74
What numerous springs of woe 128
When man's anticipated joys 54
When once by heavy cares opprest . . . 47
When sorrows various of kind 182
Whether I shall die or live 107

While I, O Saviour, at thy feet . .
Why, O my heart, so sad . . . . .
Why should we meet the cares to-day .
With each opening day before us . .
World of dangers, world of cares . .

Ye angels strike your harps aloud . .